DEAD HEAT

By Terry Black

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SECOND DRAFT
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dead heat

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

All the city's best tourist spots - shrouded in early morning pea soup fog.

EXT. - UNION SQUARE - MORNING

Business as usual. A WOMAN in gypsy garb sells carrot cake squares; a KID with a phosphorescent haircut zips around on a customized unicycle. And old man with a stomach-length beard carries a sandwich board bearing the message, "THE END IS CLOSE AT HAND!!!"

CAMERA PANS OVER to TIFFANY'S, moving in to show us a storefront window straight from the Wonderful Land of Oz.

INTERCUT - JEWELRY SHOP - APPROACHING ROBBERS

Quick shots of jewelry on display, a NECKLACE, a TIARA, a velvet showcase of glittery DIAMOND RINGS, etc. --

-- interspersed with quick shots of TWO ROBBERS, pulling NYLON STOCKINGS over their heads, donning LEATHER GLOVES, jamming ammo clips into UZI SUBMACHINE GUNS, racing through Frisco in a battered STATION WAGON, finally pulling up to the curb.

INTERIOR - TIFFANY'S

A SALESWOMAN with incredible teeth offers a gold bracelet to her latest would-be CUSTOMER, a crone-ish woman with constipated features and blue-black hair.

SALESWOMAN
Here's a nice item, Mrs. Von Heisenberg.

OLD CRONE
No, no, no. I want something a little more .. suspenseful.

That's when the door SLAMS OPEN and our ROBBERS burst in, brandishing their weapons. Their names are SMITTY and BOB.

(CONTINUED)

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SMITTY
(loud)
Nobody moves! Purse on the counter, lady. You wanna be dead, here's the chance of a lifetime.

OLD CRONE
(complying)
Please ... I don't ...

SMITTY
On the floor, grandma.

Smitty grabs the purse, noses inside it with the muzzle of his Uzi. After a moment, he throws it aside.

SMITTY
Cheap old bitch.

BOB
Quit dickin' around, Smitty.

ANGLE - DISPLAY CASE

Bob lifts his weapon and SMASHES IT butt-first into the counter glass. It cracks, doesn't break. Bob hits it twice more, uselessly.

Then Smitty elbows him aside and STRAFES IT on full automatic; the glass seems to SPLASH APART like water. The saleswoman SHRIEKS and dives for cover.

Both men help themselves, stuffing the pillowcase.

ANGLE - STORE MANAGER

Emerging from a back room. She's a nice looking woman, early forties, close-cropped hair, dressed for success.

MANAGER
What are you doing?

ANGLE - SMITTY

He OPENS FIRE.

ANGLE - MANAGER

Diving for the floor as bullets SHRED THE DOORWAY above her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - ROBBERS

SMITTY
Just lookin'

BOB
You asshole.

SMITTY
Shut your mouth and fill the bag.
We're on a tight schedule.

Bob starts filling the bag with glittery double handfuls.

BOB
Goddamned bag's got a hole in it.

SMITTY
Now who's an asshole?

BOB
You are.

CLOSEUP - COUNTER

The toothy saleswoman, unnoticed by the robber, hits a small RED BUTTON ...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - POLICE CAR RADIO

Squawking to life.

DISPATCHER
(filter)
3 Adam 38, please respond.

POLICE CAR - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Two inspectors sit in the front seat of a cherry-red Galaxie. They're ROGER MORTIS, and DOUG BIGELOW, our heroes.

ROGER MORTIS is tough but quick-witted, fast on his feet. A model cop, he truly believes that stuff about "to protect and serve." Seriously handsome, he doesn't allow much warmth or fun to crack his stoic exterior.

DOUG BIGELOW is Roger's off-the-wall alter ego. The kind of cop who keeps a lookout for hot women with expired tags - so he can pull them over and ask them to dinner.

Together, Mortis and Bigelow are a terrific team.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Bigelow grabs the radio, as Mortis drives.

BIGELOW
3 Adam 38, what is it now, Dennis?

DISPATCHER
(filter)
We got a robbery in progress in Union Square. Copycat of those holdups you're investigating. Kolberg's there already, the Captain wants you to join him.

BIGELOW
You didn't say "May I ..."

He hangs up the phone as Roger gets this crazy look in his eyes ...

ANGLE - COP CAR

Squealing around the corner at a terrifying angle.

INTERIOR - CAR

Bigelow grips the dash, white knuckled, panic-stricken.

BIGELOW
I thought we were gonna cool this Dirty Harry shit.

MORTIS
Hate to lose those bastards. We've been after them, what, three weeks now?

BIGELOW
You can't get 'em if you're dead.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - POLICE CORDON

Two or three black and whites are parked at weird angles, blocking the street; a PATROLMAN runs around, laying down traffic cones.

In the foreground is a PLAINSCLOTHESMAN, obviously in charge, muttering into a WALKIE-TALKIE. He's Lieutenant JOSEPH KOLBERG, an overweight veteran who's not big on the physical stuff.

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KOLBERG
Good morning, inspectors. We have a bit of a situation here.

MORTIS
That being ...?

KOLBERG
2-11, perps in the jewelry store with automatic weapons. We're staying out of sight, gonna take them when they exit the premises.

BIGELOW
I believe the staying out of sight part, Kolberg.

MORTIS
Think it's our Cash-and-Dash boys?

KOLBERG
I wouldn't know.

BIGELOW
Who else would pull a clown-ass stunt like this?

ANGLE - STREET - TIFFANY'S STOREFRONT

A PATROLMAN scuttles up to a place of concealment behind the Buick, cradling a SHOTGUN.

CUT TO:

INT. - TIFFANY'S

Bob and Smitty are busily stuffing their pillowcases.

SMITTY
How much you figure's here?

BOB
Too much. We gotta leave it.

SMITTY
Damn shame.

They start outside.

EXT. STREET

Bob and Smitty head for the car. They're almost there when a COP stands up and raises his shotgun.

COP
Police! Drop your weapons ...

But they don't. Bob brings his gun up and the cop FIRES a double-barreled blast that hits him SQUARE IN THE CHEST. Smitty hits the cop with a 3-round burst that sends him SOMERSAULTING ACROSS THE STREET.

And Union Square becomes an urban battlefield.

All of the cops fire at the same time, tearing up the curb, perforating the Buick, exploding the store window. Smitty bounces against the wall, reeling from the dozens of bullet wounds. But instead of dying he raises his Uzi and STRAFES THE STREET.

Cops tumble from concealment, clutching themselves. Car windows EXPLODE like china. Tires burst and cars settle onto their wheel-rims, like weary dinosaurs.

ANGLE - MAN WITH SANDWICH BOARD

Flips the board over his head for cover, as and assortment of bystanders are MOWED DOWN around him. The carrot cake lady BUCKLES to the pavement; the kid with the phosphorescent hair has his unicycle SHOT from under him.

About the only one who isn't hit is the prophet himself. Frantically, he turns and runs, revealing the flip side of "The end is close at hand!!!" which is:

"YOUR MESSAGE HERE: Seen by Thousands Daily."

ANGLE - COPS UNDER COVER

Mortis and Bigelow in foreground, trading shots with the robbers. Mortis' gun is a .44 Automag, this big mean elephant-stopping gun that's OBVIOUSLY against regulations.

MORTIS
Why aren't these fellas dead? We hit 'em about ninety times each!

BIGELOW
Maybe they're just flesh wounds.

MORTIS
No way. Not with this baby. Cover me.

CONTINUED:

Roger scampers over to one of the black and whites and lets himself in, YELLING over to Kolberg:

MORTIS
Can I borrow this?

KOLBERG
Absolutely not!

MORTIS
Thanks!

He SQUEALS AWAY ...

ANGLE - FAVORING ROBBERS

Still firing insanely, while shrugging off police bullets. But as soon as they stop to reload, Roger ROARS BY in his borrowed cop car --

MORTIS
Eat this, playtex-face.

-- and BLASTS THEM with his Automag, two shots each.

ANGLE - ROBBERS

But instead of killing them, it just makes them really mad, so mad that Smitty takes a HAND GRENADE from his pocket, and pulls the pin, and prepares to chuck it into Roger's car --

ANGLE - BIGELOW

-- but Bigelow takes careful aim and FIRES --

ANGLE - ROBBERS

-- EXPLODING the grenade in Smitty's face. He FALLS. Bob tries to retaliate, but Roger's car comes back and BLINDSIDES HIM, squashing him between Roger's front end and the tail gate of a FORD BRONCO. When Roger backs away, there's not much left of the body.

ANGLE - DEAD ROBBERS IN STREET

Mortis and Bigelow examine the bodies. Bigelow taps Bob's CRUMPLED REMAINS with his foot.

BIGELOW
(solemnly)
You're under arrest, you have the right to remain disgusting...

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
Sure that's necessary?

BIGELOW
Can't be too careful.

Kolberg BREAKS IN, berating Mortis like a coach confronting an umpire.

KOLBERG
Mortis! That was the craziest, stupidest, most dumbfuck stunt I ever saw!

MORTIS
Don't thank me. I get my thanks from helping others.

KOLBERG
You better believe the Captain's gonna hear about this!

BIGELOW
Gee, you think he'll want a word with us?

HARD CUT TO:

INT. - CAPTAIN MAYFIELD'S OFFICE

Crisp and tidy, papers neatly stacked in IN and OUT baskets. MAYFIELD sits at his desk, a barrel-chested man with a skull like the business end of a torpedo.

He SLAMS HIS HAND onto the desktop.

MAYFIELD
Unauthorized use of a city vehicle. Reckless endangerment of property and lives. Use of a non-regulation firearm.

MORTIS
That was me, not Bigelow.

MAYFIELD
Disrespectful conduct, flippant and tasteless verbal remarks ...

BIGELOW
That was me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYFIELD
And 18 parking tickets so far this month.

Mortis and Bigelow WINCE; Mayfield laces his fingers.

MAYFIELD
Need I point out that you guys are already on probation twice, and this morning's adventure puts both of you on the endangered species list? And that your badges go into the shitter if you screw up just one more time?

BIGELOW
The shitter? This man deserves a medal! And I deserve one for saving his life!

Mayfield SIGHS HEAVILY.

MAYFIELD
Look. I couldn't help noticing that in spite of Kolberg's whining, you did the job, not him. So I'm prepared to cut you a little slack.

MORTIS AND BIGELOW
Thank you, sir.

MAYFIELD
But -- it'd be nice if you could earn it by nailing the rest of these Cash-and-Dash fuckers to the wall with a twelve inch railroad spike.

MORTIS
We're working on it, sir.

MAYFIELD
Work harder.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - MORTIS' DESK

Against the opposite wall: neat, clean and perfectly organized. In DEEP b.g., a small black and white TV BROADCASTS THE NEWS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hanging over Mortis' desk is a CORKBOARD with a STREET MAP of San Francisco. In one part of the map are ten MULTI-COLORED PUSH PINS, circumscribed by a HAND DRAWN CIRCLE.

Suddenly, a DART flies into frame, and HITS within the circle. PULL BACK to show Bigelow standing by his desk with more darts, holding his thumb up to gauge the wind.

In contrast, Bigelow's desk is so cluttered with PAPERS, FILE FOLDERS, CRUMPLED CANDY WRAPPERS and crushed BEER CANS that we're not even sure there's a desktop under there.

BIGELOW
So, what have you learned from this adventure, Dorothy?

MORTIS
We've just had six robberies - three banks, two jewelry stores, and a goldsmith's shop - all in the past three weeks, all within the same nine-block radius.

Mortis and Bigelow both look at the T.V.

ANGLE TV

ANNOUNCER
A Union Square jewelry store robbery ended in bloodshed today, as police fail to break the chain of what they are calling the most violent string of burglaries in city history.

BACK TO SCENE

BIGELOW
(heaving another dart)
How many in the gang, you think?

MORTIS
Hard to say. Descriptions are always different, so we know there's a bunch of them. Maybe they take turns.

BIGELOW
(dart number three)
Sure it's the same folks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORTIS
M.O.'s are the same. Perpetrators are heavily armed and work in pairs, often striking in broad daylight with reckless disregard for their personal safety.

BIGELOW
And if you shoot 'em they don't die.

ANNOUNCER (TV)
The will of San Francisco industrialist Arthur P. Loudermilk, was read in superior court today ...

MORTIS
Some drugs do that. PCP users can shrug off all sorts of physical trauma.

BIGELOW
Bullets, Rog?

MORTIS
It's possible.

BIGELOW
Bull<u>shit</u>.

ANNOUNCER (TV)
One of San Francisco's most generous philanthropists, Loudermilk has donated his entire collection of Post-Impressionists, valued at over ten million dollars to "The Institute For Life."

MORTIS
Christ. Cops are getting murdered for a few lousy bucks, and this guy can't <u>give</u> it away fast enough.

The PHONE RINGS.

MORTIS
Mortis.

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SMYTHER'S VOICE
It's Smythers. And have I got news for you. Get down to the morgue as fast as you can.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE

A MANGLED BODY lies under a blood-stained sheet. Bigelow pulls the sheet part way back, WHISTLING.

BIGELOW
Ever wonder about your Death Day, Roger?

MORTIS
My what?

BIGELOW
Your Death Day. Think about it. Everyone has a birthday, right? You bake a cake, party, and have a good time. But everyone also has a Death Day, the day you're gonna die.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show a little more of the morgue. Two FIBERGLASS GURNEYS hold Bob and Smitty's shrouded remains; suction hoses and recorder mikes dangle from the ceiling; vacuum-pak containers show WEIRD THINGS floating inside.

BIGELOW
Okay, say your Death Day was April 23rd. And suppose somehow you knew that!

Roger doesn't want to encourage another one of Bigelow's strange tangents by granting him a reply.

BIGELOW
(excited)
You could have a Death Day party! Invite all your friends, pig out, get ripped, screw your brains out, and cash in your chips with a great big, fuckin' ORGASM!

Mortis looks at Bigelow like he's nuts.

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CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Watch out, Bigelow - you've passed weird. You're approaching degenerate.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

The door swings open to reveal DR. REBECCA SMYTHERS. Underneath the professional, scientific exterior, she's very attractive. However, she's obviously downplayed her looks in order to be taken seriously in the medical community.

SMYTHERS
Sorry, did I interrupt last night's conquest?

MORTIS
Hardly.

SMYTHERS
(tight)
Hi, Roger.

Roger smiles softly. A bit regretfully.

ROGER
Hello, Rebecca .

Suddenly, as wall mounted POLICE BAND RADIO squawks to life.

RADIO
(filter)
... that's right, Bill, we got a car fire in Lane One of the Bay Bridge, traffic's stalled for miles ...

BIGELOW
What's with the police radio? Afraid the world will end and you'll miss it?

SMYTHERS
It's MacNab's idea. He likes to stay on top of things. You never know what you're gonna hear.

BIGELOW
No kiddin'.

MORTIS
So, how have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMYTHERS
I have a home phone, Roger. Using the mutilated remains of street scum as an excuse to ask after my health is not exactly what I'd label ... thoughtful.

BIGELOW
(to Roger)
And you call me degenerate.

Roger sighs.

MORTIS
So, what's the story on these John Does from this morning's stickup, Rebecca? What's so unbelievable.

SMYTHERS
I'll show you.

She whips the sheet off Bob's chest, showing his battered torso.

BIGELOW
Nice shot, Roger.

MORTIS
Christ, is there enough here to identify?

SMYTHERS
Wondered that myself. The fingerprints and teeth are so disfigured they're worthless. But I noticed one thing.

MORTIS
What's that?

SMYTHERS
Stitches.

CLOSE-UP - DEAD MAN'S CHEST

Smyther's finger traces a long, vertical cut down the breastbone, carefully sewn together again.

SMYTHERS
You can see where the cut was made, traversing the sternum. Incised with an electric saw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE - EVERYONE

MORTIS
They had surgery?

SMYTHERS
Nope. They had autopsies. They've been here before, fellas.

Mortis DOUBLE-TAKES. Even Bigelow is startled.

MORTIS
You want to elaborate on that?

SMYTHERS
Certainly. These are the bodies of Robert Kristoff and Sam "Smitty" Deluca, local muscle for a dimestore loanshark. Names sound familiar?

MORTIS
Should they?

SMYTHERS
Yeah. Both were gunned down last week. Brought here, this same damn room, where I certified them myself. I even took pictures.

She pulls two POLAROIDS from her apron pocket.

ANGLE - POLAROIDS, TABLES IN B.G.

The photos show Smitty and Bob, lying prone on twin examining tables. CAMERA REFOCUSES on the real Smitty and Bob, lying on the same tables in similar positions. Their faces have been rendered completely unrecognizable.

ANGLE - DOCTOR EARNEST MACNAB

-- to find Dr. Macnab leaning against a doorjamb. Mid fifties, he is the picture of a head coroner risen to semi-celebrity status: Italian suit, gold Rolex and a visibly self-important air.

MACNAB
We all make mistakes, Dr. Smythers.

Smythers turns.

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SMYTHERS
Doctor MacNab, I'm not in the habit of signing death certificates for people who just don't feel well.

MACNAB
I would hope not. But the fact is, that either you screwed up, or these two boys got up after you were done and strolled out of here.

SMYTHERS
You know how autopsies are performed, Doctor. The body's opened up like a laundry bag. You couldn't possibly survive one.

MACNAB
I couldn't agree with you more. My question is whether you actually ever gave them one.

SMYTHERS
Oh, I gave them one, alright. But it appears that someone out there likes to sew up dead bodies and bring them back to life.

Mortis, Bigelow, and Dr. Macnab exchange strange looks.

MACNAB
Oh, really. I'm very curious how ...

SMYTHERS
Last week I estimated these boys' time of death as 1:00 to 4:00 AM Tuesday, June 30th. This morning I did the same tests, got the same result. They've been dead since Tuesday.

MACNAB
If you examined them last Tuesday -what happened afterwards? Didn't anyone claim the bodies?

Smythers shuffles uncomfortably.

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SMYTHERS
The uh ...the records appear to be missing.

Macnab shakes his head, satisfied.

MACNAB
Doctor Smythers when you've done this job as long as I have, you will hopefully grasp the fine distinction between a resurrected jewel thief and a clerical error.

Smythers stares at Macnab. Mortis and Bigelow look at him like he's a major asshole.

SMYTHERS
(deliberately)
I never forget a body, Doctor.

She turns and walks out of the room.

They all watch her exit. Macnab turns to Mortis.

MACNAB
In five years she'll be damn good. But she's too quick to jump to the fanciful conclusion, without taking time to dig for the truth. And that, gentleman, is what autopsies are all about.

BIGELOW
(mocking)
Fascinating.

MORTIS
But you've got to admit - it is very strange.

MACNAB
Strange, yes, but ...

MORTIS
I better talk to her.

INT. SMYTHER'S OFFICE - DAY

It reflects an obsession with things dead, and half dead. Small stuffed animals. An aquarium with tropical fish frozen into a block of ice. A book entitled "Cryogenics: Fact or Fantasy?"

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CONTINUED:

Smythers is angrily pecking at the keyboard of an Apple computer and tensely dragging on a cigarette, as Mortis enters.

MORTIS
Knock knock.

SMYTHERS
Come to read me my rights?

Mortis sits down beside her. Takes the cigarette out of her hands.

MORTIS
I thought we agreed to give these up ...

Smythers snatches it back.

SMYTHERS
Yeah, well I kicked one bad habit and picked up another.

Roger stands.

MORTIS
Whoa. And I came in here to give you some moral support.

Walks over to the frozen aquarium.

MORTIS
Poor suckers. Don't you believe in fish that swim?

SMYTHERS
No. They're just as pretty and I don't have to feed them.

Mortis knocks on the glass.

SMYTHERS
Besides, they're not dead, they're just in a state of suspended animation.

MORTIS
Yeah ... right.

SMYTHERS
Forget about the fish, Roger. What about those corpses - do you believe me?

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
Rebecca, you're the best. And there is definitely something abnormal about those bodies in there.

Smythers nods.

SMYTHERS
Definitely.

MORTIS
Besides the fact that they won't stay dead, is there anything else strange about those guys?

Smythers' demeanor instantly changes. She starts to become excited.

SMYTHERS
I did turn up something unusual in their skin tissue.

MORTIS
What?

She begins to type on the computer.

SMYTHERS
Trace quantities of sulfathiazole, a drug once used on bacterial infections. Pretty obscure stuff.

She continues to type.

SMYTHERS
So I checked my handy data base for recent pharmaceutical imports ...

MORTIS
Your what?

She STABS a key and the PRINTER STARTS UP.

SMYTHERS
I keep tabs on all legal drugs brought into the city, kind of off the record.

MORTIS
Off the record, isn't that kind of an invasion of privacy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SMYTHERS
Yes.
(tears off a sheet)
Here's what it came up with.

She hands it to Mortis.

MORTIS
(reading)
Dante Labs. 630 Hawthorne Street.

SMYTHERS
Recent purchaser of fifty kilos of sulfathiazole.

MORTIS
You don't seriously expect us to run across a zombie, do you?

SMYTHERS
I don't know. But if anyone could spot one Roger, you could.

Mortis pockets the address, a bit peeved.

EXT. DANTE LABS

A squat gray industrial building. A sign reads: DANTE LABS/BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHROMOSOMES. Mortis and Bigelow drive up and get out.

BIGELOW
You do the talking, Roger. I'm not sure how to phrase this.

MORTIS
Let's just tell the truth: that we're looking for someone who hijacks dead bodies and brings them back to life to rob jewelry stores.

BIGELOW
I guess when it's that weird, you just gotta go with it.

INT. LOBBY

A stocky thick necked guard (WILCOX) sits behind a desk, splitting his attention between a bank of MONITOR CAMERAS and the latest issue of "Penthouse."

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He doesn't look up when Mortis and Bigelow approach him.

MORTIS
(flashing I.D.)
Police Officers Mortis and Bigelow.

WILCOX
(still reading)
What do you want?

Bigelow pulls down the magazine.

BIGELOW
Sorry to interrupt your hard-on, but we'd like to speak with the management of this facility.

He stabs the intercom.

WILCOX
Miss James to the front, please.

MORTIS
Thanks.

Wilcox GRUNTS, and goes back to his magazine.

For a moment, they just stand there. Then the interior door opens, and RANDI JAMES emerges. A gorgeous, sophisticated young woman:a knockout combination of stunning figure, sensuous mouth, and sultry eyes. She literally knocks Mortis and Bigelow off balance.

Wilcox glances up at Randi, down to the "Penthouse," and then back at Randi. He puts the "Penthouse" away.

Randi smiles, revealing a set of flawless teeth.

JAMES
What can I do for you?

Mortis quickly steps in front of him, and flashes his badge.

MORTIS
Police Officers Mortis and Bigelow, Ma'am. Do you manage this facility?

JAMES
I'm in charge of public relations. Randi James.

CONTINUED: (2)

She offers her hand. Roger takes it, holds it a moment longer than he should. Finally gives it back. Bigelow notices.

JAMES
What's this all about, Officer?

MORTIS
We're not at liberty to disclose the details, Miss James. But we'd like to ask about your recent purchase of sulfathiazole.

BIGELOW
And if you know any zombies.

Mortis elbows him in the stomach.

JAMES
I beg your pardon?

MORTIS
What's the drug typically used for?

JAMES
Quite a number of things. Let me show you our basic product line ...

She takes them inside, brushing briefly against Roger. Bigelow picks up on this too, and scurries to catch up to Randi.

Wilcox watches them leave, then turns back to his "Penthouse."

TRACKING SHOT - HALLWAY

Showing laboratories, dissection rooms, etc. LAB TECHNICIANS bustle around, making adjustments, observations, notes.

One room is full of CAGED ANIMALS: dogs, cats, rats, even a monkey. They don't look happy to be here.

JAMES
Most of our products are over-the-counter items, not terribly interesting to the layman. Cosmetics, personal hygiene, toiletries, and so on. Items everyone uses but nobody talks about.

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CONTINUED: (3)

BIGELOW
Tampons. Hemorrhoid cream. Stuff for crabs.

RANDI
(winces)
Among others.

They pass a room where green smocked attendants are smearing BEAGLE PUPPIES with an equally greenish GEL.

JAMES
All products are thoroughly tested before release to the general public.

BIGELOW
Great. The dog gets skin cancer so we don't have to.

James raises and eyebrow, but Mortis intervenes.

MORTIS
You were telling us about sulfathiazole ...?

JAMES
Uh ... yes. Nothing special about it. Widely used until the forties, when it was replaced by other compounds. We still use it as the antiseptic agent in an herbal skin ointment.

Mortis pulls Smitty and Bob's POLAROIDS from his pocket.

MORTIS
Ever seen these fellas before?

JAMES
Never. Can't say I regret it, either.

BIGELOW
(pointing off-screen)
Hey, what's that?

ANGLE - DOOR

A label reads: ASPHYXIATION ROOM. Beside it is an LED readout panel that says AIR PRESSURE: 100% .

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CONTINUED: (4)

JAMES
Sad, but necessary -- when we have to kill an animal, it goes in here.

She opens the door. It's a small, plain room, about the size of a walk-in closet. HUGE VENTS cross the ceiling.

A plexiglass window in the opposite wall shows a BANK OF CONTROLS and a chair.

JAMES
The room's air-tight; a piston evacuates the air in the space of a few seconds. The animal perishes quickly and quietly.

BIGELOW
Didn't I see one of these at Disneyland?

JAMES
Well, that's about it, gentleman. I don't know if I've been any help to you.

Bigelow taps a door labeled DANGEROUS CHEMICALS/NO ADMITTANCE.

BIGELOW
What's in here?

JAMES
Toxic waste products. Properly disposed of, I assure you.

MORTIS
Well, I guess we're all finished, then.

Bigelow begins to hop from one foot to another.

BIGELOW
Wait - I gotta take a leak so bad my teeth are floating. Miss James, is there a ...?

RANDI
(quickly)
Down the hall.

Mortis and James leave. Bigelow goes off-screen, waits a while, and returns. From his pocket, he pulls a LOCKSMITH'S TOOL, and starts to probe the keyhole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BIGELOW
No admittance, my ass.

After a moment, the door POPS OPEN.

REVERSE ANGLE - BIGELOW

Peering intently into the gloom. He gropes for a light switch, finds it and FLICKS IT ON, lighting the room around him.

ANGLE - THE ROOM

No toxic waste here. But there's a room full of glistening, super-high tech machinery. The centerpiece of this dazzling display of futuristic technology is an elevated curved silver table, shaped like the bottom half of a suntanning bed.

Lying on the table, under a mylar sheet, is a HUMAN-LIKE SHAPE.

Bigelow approaches it, suddenly not so sure this was a great idea ...

BIGELOW
What the hell ...?

CLOSE ANGLE - SHAPE

Just lying there, it's gotta be REAL AWFUL, whatever it is. Bigelow reaches for the sheet with an UNSTEADY HAND, closer and closer, but before he can quite reach it --

BANG!!! It lunges RIGHT UP OFF THE SCREEN at us, making even the ushers jump...!

CUT TO:

ANGLE - LOBBY

Roger and Randi are standing there, a little closer than the situation really demands. Wilcox ignores them, studying his magazine.

MORTIS
Thanks again for you help, Miss James.

RANDI
Not at all.

MORTIS
And I apologize for my partner. He's just ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RANDI
A Neanderthal? Don't bother, we live in a world full of them.

Mortis smiles.

MORTIS
Actually, he's ...

Suddenly, someone SCREAMS.

MORTIS
(drawing his gun)
What the hell...

Mortis bolts for the door. Behind him, Wilcox drops his magazine and draws a WALTHER PPK and levels it at Mortis' back --

-- but James SCREAMS "No!" and Mortis spins around, crouching reflexively. Bullets THUNK into the door over his head. Mortis FIRES and Wilcox is blown clean out of his chair.

MORTIS
Excuse me.

TRACKING SHOT - HALLWAY

Much faster this time, following Mortis past the same labs and around a corner, past a gaggle of frenzied technicians -

--until Mortis STOPS DEAD when he sees:

ANGLE - BIGELOW AND "THING"

A word about the Thing: he's big and broad, with so many muscles you could probably use him in Rocky V except for the fact that he has NO FACE to speak of. He's STRANGLING BIGELOW.

ANGLE - EVERYONE

Mortis OPENS FIRE on the Thing. The Thing GRUNTS, but doesn't let go. Mortis empties his gun into it, bounds forward and PISTOL WHIPS the Thing's head.

It turns on him. But then BIGELOW BLASTS IT, and we can tell the Thing's not mentally gifted because it can't decide who it wants more.

MORTIS
What is this thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BIGELOW
I don't know. But if you kill it, I promise to find out.

Mortis pulls a FIRE EXTINGUISHER off the wall and CLUBS the Thing's head with it. Now the Thing's really mad. It charges towards Mortis like a bull. Bigelow LEAPS onto his back, sending all three of them TUMBLING.

ANGLE - DOORWAY

As Mortis topples backwards into the ASPHYXIATION ROOM.The Thing topples after him, but the heavy door SLAMS SHUT, severing the Thing's arm.

Mortis gets up and tries the door. No dice.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Where the dismembered Thing is still after Bigelow. Bigelow picks up the fire extinguisher, JUMPS UP onto the Thing's Goliath shoulders and CRUSHES ITS HEAD like an overripe zucchini. The Thing makes a GARGLY NOISE and FALLS.

Bigelow runs to the door and tries it, but it's locked. Won't budge. He's still trying when WILCOX - wounded and bleeding - staggers into the frame behind him. Wilcox lifts his gun, aims --

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Facing the plexiglass window to the ASPHYXIATION ROOM. Roger's still in there, struggling with the door.

In the foreground is a control panel with an LED readout saying: ASPHYXIATION ROOM SEALED. Under it is a big red button. A GLOVED HAND reaches into the frame and hits it.

The readout changes to: "BEGIN DECOMPRESSION SEQUENCE."

ANGLE - MORTIS

As the sound of HEAVY MACHINERY and ROARING, RUSHING AIR makes it all too obvious what's happening. Loose papers fly up to the ceiling. Mortis POUNDS on the door, clawing at the jamb, panicking.

MORTIS
Help! Stop, stop it --

He CHOKES OFF, gasping for air, clutching his throat ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSEUP - HALLWAY DISPLAY PANEL

The reading: AIR PRESSURE: 100% suddenly starts CYCLING DOWNWARD, like a gas pump in reverse, through the nineties and eighties and seventies --

--when suddenly a BULLET whines off the panel!

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Bigelow whirls, sees Wilcox and DIVES behind the dead monster. Wilcox FIRES, pumping shell after shell into the monster's inert body. Bigelow pops up and FIRES BACK, once, twice --

CLICK. He's out of bullets.

Wilcox comes forward, raises the Walther, lowers it again, and falls on his face. Bigelow kicks the body aside, goes to the door and tries to FORCE IT with his shoulder, banging his GUNBUTT against the latch device --

CLOSEUP - HALLWAY DISPLAY PANEL

The READOUT spins down through the thirties, into the twenties --

BIGELOW
Roger! You okay!?

ANGLE - ASPHYXIATION ROOM

No, he's not. Roger's DYING HORRIBLY, as the sudden vacuum in this little room squeezes the air from his lungs. Blood drips from his nose and mouth. His lips are turning blue.

The ROAR of escaping air turns to a SHRILL WHISTLE and stops.

Roger staggers SILENTLY across the room and pounds on the plexiglass. It won't budge. He puts his face against it and LOOKS INSIDE.

ANGLE - CONTROL ROOM

An adorable COLLIE PUP looks in on Roger with a sad, pitying expression. Behind it we catch the barest glimpse of a SHADOWY FIGURE, calmly walking away.

ANGLE - BIGELOW

Throwing himself BODILY at the door, trying to smash it open. CAMERA PANS over to the hall display panel, now reading: AIR PRESSURE 0%.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - ASPHYXIATION ROOM

Roger pounds the glass again to no avail. He flails around and crashes into the table and keels over on his back. He lies there with his eyes wide, mouth open and fingers clawing the floor.

He dies.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. DANTE LABS

Some police cars are parked beside Mortis and Bigelow's. Another car pulls up and Rebecca Smythers gets out, appearing very upset, carrying a black medical bag.

ANGLE - LOBBY

Messed up and spattered with blood. Bigelow's there, and a couple of COPS in uniform. Bigelow is devastated.

SMYTHERS
What happened here? I heard radio someone was killed, here.

Bigelow takes her hand.

BIGELOW
Becky - it's Roger.

Smythers blinks, unable to digest this information.

SMYTHERS
Oh my God - no! It can't be - I just saw him ...

BIGELOW
He got locked in the decompression room. He died the way dogs are supposed to die. Real funny, huh?

Smythers is about to break down. Bigelow grabs her tight.

BIGELOW
Goddamn it to hell, it's my fault! If only I could've got that fucking door open ...

Smythers pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS
I have to see him, Doug. I won't believe it until I see him ...

BIGELOW
(gently)
He's dead Becky.

SMYTHERS
Where is he?

Bigelow shrugs, takes her inside.

ANGLE - ASPHYXIATION ROOM

With Roger lying right where we left him. Smythers crouches beside him, shines a penlight over his eyeballs, examines his lips and throat and fingers. Tears stream down her face, and she does nothing to hold them back.

SMYTHERS
Oh God, Roger. You thought you were indestructible.

BIGELOW
And all it took was a little thing like no air ...

Smythers swivels around.

SMYTHERS
What exactly happened here, Doug?

BIGELOW
Forget it. You wouldn't believe me.

SMYTHERS
Try me.

INT. RESURRECTION ROOM

The silver bed is now empty, and tilted at an angle towards the floor. Various WALL SIZED FLAT SCREENS surrounding the device display vital function holograms of the HEART, BRAIN and VITAL PRINCIPLE: a pulsating, multi-colored readout of the soul.

BIGELOW
This is where the Faceless Wonder was lying when he came to life.

Smythers scans the room with amazement, smoking a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS
Jesus.

She walks around the room, inspecting the machinery. Intrigue begins to replace emotion, as her medical instincts take over and she clicks into an "emergency situation" response.

Smythers finds a keyboard attached to a smaller, more conventional computer screen. She puts out her cigarette, and brushes her hand across the keys.

She presses a carriage return. Nothing happens. She presses another button. The WALL SIZED SCREENS, flicker, and jump to life again. A low HUM fills the room. Bigelow and Smythers look around them, spooked.

The SCREEN returns with: ENTER: "NAME OF DECEASED," TIME OF DEATH," "INTERNAL DAMAGE."

1) NAME OF DECEASED

SMYTHERS
(to herself)
They must use the sulfathiazole as some sort of preservative until they get them on ... here.

BIGELOW
What?

SMYTHERS
Nothing ... I'm just ...

Becky enters: ROGER MORTIS.

BIGELOW
I hate these fuckin' computers. Let's get out of here.

SMYTHERS
What time did he die, Doug?

BIGELOW
I don't know ... forty-five minutes ago ... Becky, people are gonna be ...

Smythers types: "11:15 AM."

The screen replies: "SPECIFY INTERNAL DAMAGE."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SMYTHERS
(wondrously)
This is where they do it, Doug. This is where they resurrect the dead.

BIGELOW
Oh, c'mon.

A wall sized SCREEN facing them suddenly COMES TO LIFE with a HOLOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATION of a body, with COLOR CODED VITAL ORGANS circling and cross-sectioning themselves. Each is labeled with a flashing NUMERAL.

SMYTHERS
The brain, Doug. That's it. Oxygen was cut off to his brain. Other than that, he's fine.

BIGELOW
Other than that, he's dead.

Becky punches in the correct number. The BRAIN begins to PULSATE.

The computer responds: "PLACE SUBJECT ON RESURRECTION BED AND PROCEED WITH FINAL REANIMATION SEQUENCE.

SMYTHERS
(amazed)
Christ, Doug. Someone's found a way to revitalize dead tissue. Like the way a starfish grows new limbs. I mean, after all, what really separates life from death, other than mere physical degeneration of ...

BIGELOW
But ... but the soul, Becky. What about the soul?

She stares at the brilliantly kaleidoscopic "VITAL ESSENCE" screen.

BECKY
It looks like they've found a way around that, too.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE - RESURRECTION BED

With Roger now lying on it, Christlike, electrodes attached to various parts of his head, and body. Smythers pecks at the keyboard, while Bigelow looks on.

BIGELOW
I don't know about this.

SMYTHERS
If Roger can have another chance, I'm going to give it to him.

Smythers types: "BEGIN RESURRECTION SEQUENCE," and executes the command. She steps back, and nervously grasps Bigelow's hand. The HUM becomes a low RUMBLE as the surrounding screens come to life.

BIGELOW
But what if he's wakes up like a mindless zombie?

SMYTHERS
Then I hope you'll shoot him in the head.

BIGELOW
Oh, thanks a lot.

Roger's body is MAGNETICALLY LIFTED inches off the resurrection bed and begins to TURN as a bank of SMALL LASERS bathe him in multi-colored LIGHT.

ROGER'S FIGURE is now displayed, turning on the holographic screen, above a RESURRECTION COUNTDOWN which is only seconds away from ZERO.

The RESURRECTION COUNTDOWN hits ZERO, and the fun begins.

ROGER'S BODY begins turning so fast it becomes a BLUR. Ditto, its HOLOGRAPHIC DOUBLE.

The VITAL ESSENCE display begins to GENERATE a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT, of an incandescent MAGNITUDE that has the force of a visual EXPLOSION.

Smythers and Bigelow can't look - but nevertheless, do - as the light converges on Roger's body and in a BLINDING FLASH creates a NEGATIVE IMAGE: his SOUL, floating inches from the ceiling, attached to him by a silver cord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

They watch in amazement as Roger's soul floats down to his body, and MELDS with it, sending off fingers of ELECTRICAL and SPIRITUAL ENERGY, that ricochet around the room like a PARTICLE STORM.

Roger's body CONVULSES and he SCREAMS, a banshee WAIL that renders fingernails on a chalkboard soothing by comparison.

Suddenly, the effects STOP, and Roger drops onto the resurrection bed.

The screen reads: "RESURRECTION COMPLETE."

Smythers gathers herself up, and peers over at Roger, who appears every bit as dead as before --

-- until his eyes POP OPEN.

MORTIS
Hi, folks.

Smythers GASPS with surprise and hugs Roger, ecstatically.

SMYTHERS
You're alive!

MORTIS
Of course I'm alive.

Macnab bursts in the room, carrying a medical bag, and stops, surprised.

MACNAB
I thought you were dead, Mortis!

MORTIS
Sorry to disappoint you, Doctor.

BIGELOW
Uh ... Roger ... how you feeling?

Roger sits up. Thinks about it for a moment.

MORTIS
(euphorically)
I feel terrific! I feel fuckin' incredible!
(he shudders)
Wow!
(shudders again)
Jesus, it is great to be ALIVE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Smythers and Bigelow exchange looks. MacNab stands, approaches Roger curiously.

MORTIS
Hey, what are you guys doing here, anyway?

SMYTHERS
Roger, what's the last thing you remember.

MORTIS
Well, we were at that research place, looking around ... Doug was fighting this, this thing...I got locked in that room...
(shudders)
and just about died. I blanked out, and then I was rushing at the speed of light until, suddenly, I looked down and there I was ... or there my body was. I swam down to it, but when I reached myself, it was like getting hit with ten thousand volts.
(shakes head)
Christ, I was inches away from death.

Smythers begins to test Roger's reflexes. They appear to be fine.

MACNAB
I wouldn't call it common, but I've heard of this before. Clinically dead people, reviving at the last possible ...

SMYTHERS
Except that Roger here was dead for an hour.

MORTIS
What?!

Macnab watches skeptically, as she takes a stethoscope out of her bag, and places it on Roger's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SMYTHERS
Shhhh. What just happened in here is about as significant as man's first steps on the moon. Only, I'm sure you didn't ...

She suddenly stops talking, and moves the stethoscope.

SMYTHERS
Oh my God!

MORTIS
What is it?

SMYTHERS
I'm not getting a heartbeat.

MORTIS
Don't be ridiculous.

She tries again, and pulls back, horrified.

Roger takes the scope from her, and listens to himself.

MORTIS
Give me that ...

He listens, doesn't get a reading.

MORTIS
Obviously, something's wrong with this thing.

Macnab snatches it away, and listens.

MACNAB
Look, I don't know what's going on here, but I want Mortis back in the lab for tests.

SMYTHERS
He doesn't need tests, Doctor. He's dead.

MACNAB
Impossible.

BIGELOW
Hey, Becky, we've both seen this man shitfaced. He's looked a hell of a lot worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Suddenly, Mortis hops off the table and breaks into the argument.

MORTIS
Look, this is stupid. I've never felt better in my life!

SMYTHERS
Without a heartbeat, that's hard to believe.

MORTIS
What are you saying: That I'm alive, but I'm dead? Like some kind of zombie?

SMYTHERS
I don't know. This machine must somehow stimulate organic tissue without oxygenation. No pulse, no heartbeat, no life - but all the nerves and muscles work.

MACNAB
Dr. Smythers, I have two actual corpses in the next room that I doubt are making comebacks. So when you're through with this science fiction, you'll know where to find me.

Smythers purses her lips as she watches him exit. She then turns, and takes Roger's hand.

SMYTHERS
Christ, you're cold.

Mortis looks at Becky, and violently tears his hand away. It hits the sharp edge of a piece of machinery.

MORTIS
Ouch, dammit!

BIGELOW
(reflexively)
Hey, d'you hurt yourself?

MORTIS
Nah, it's just a ...

CLOSEUP - ROGER'S WRIST

Sliced open, right about where the RADIAL ARTERY should be --

CONTINUED: (8)

-- but although Roger pokes and prods it, even pries back a flap of skin, there's only a drop of two of blood ...

ANGLE - ROGER
as the freezing paranoid panic begins to set in.

MORTIS
How come I'm not bleeding.

No one says anything.

MORTIS
(frantically)
How come I'm not bleeding, I cut the fucking artery ..

He stares at the cut that won't bleed and cries out, savagely:

MORTIS
I'M NO DEADER THAN YOU ARE!

Bigelow responds with quiet amazement.

BIGELOW
It's the resurrection machine, Roger. It works.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Mortis and Bigelow sit facing each other in weird, art deco chairs.

MORTIS
I still don't believe it. I'm sorry but I just don't. I mean, I feel great.

BIGELOW
Minute by minute, Roger. That's the way to take this.
(shrugs)
Hell, it's the only way to live anyhow.

MORTIS
Easy for you to say.

Smythers comes in to join them, looking uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMYTHERS
O.K., Roger, are you ready for the worst?

MORTIS
I'm dead, Becky! How much worse can it be?

SMYTHERS
Progressive decay of reanimated tissue, irreversible cell damage.
(sighs)
You've got ten to twelve hours, tops.

MORTIS
Then what?

SMYTHERS
All the cells of your body will dissolve into a kind of organic stew.

Mortis grimaces.

BIGELOW
Can't you just pop him back in for a recharge?

SMYTHERS
This thing isn't a toaster-oven, Doug.
(pleading)
Come back to the lab, Roger. Maybe we can do something.

MORTIS
(bitterly)
The only thing I want to do right now is nail the son of a bitch who stole my life away. It's the one thing I've got left that has any meaning. You understand, don't you?

Smythers nods.

BIGELOW
And once we nail him, we'll tear his balls off and feed 'em to him -with bernaise sauce.

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
Easy, Doug. Let's find him first.

He crosses to the RECEPTION DESK. Leans over and thumbs through a rolodex file.

MORTIS
But first, we gotta find that girl
...

After a moment, he pulls out a card. Turns to Bigelow and reads it.

MORTIS
Randi James. 1212 Montgomery
Street in North Beach.

BIGELOW
Let's go.

They head for the door. Roger grabs Smythers, and gives her a kiss. She watches him leave, forlornly.

SMYTHERS
Ten to twelve hours, Roger. Don't
throw it away!

INT. CAR - BIGELOW DRIVING

MORTIS
The hell of it, I feel fine. I
could run in the Boston Marathon.

BIGELOW
No you couldn't. It's not open
to dead people.

MORTIS
You think they check?

Mortis looks in the mirror, and FROWNS.

CLOSEUP - CAR MIRROR

Tight focus on the bottom half of Mortis' face. His lips are turning GRAYISH BLUE.

BACK TO SCENE

MORTIS
Damn it to hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
What's wrong.

MORTIS
Find me a drugstore. I have to fix my face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRUGSTORE

As Roger sheepishly emerges with a little paper bag. He gets in the car and they take off.

INT. CAR

Roger pulls a tube of lipstick from the bag. Bigelow snickers.

BIGELOW
So ... what color is it?

MORTIS
(reading)
Uh ... "Mulberry wine."

BIGELOW
Good choice. Brings out your eyes.

Mortis begins to apply it.

MORTIS
Go to hell.

EXT. STREET

The Galaxie roars by, heading toward Telegraph Hill. CAMERA FOLLOWS, then HOLDS on a BILLBOARD advertising Babysmooth Cosmetics.

The slogan reads: NOW YOU CAN TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR AGE!

INT. CAR

Mortis is dabbing on the lipstick, blotting it with a Kleenex. He's a MESS.

MORTIS
(exasperated)
How do girls do this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
Tribal memory. Hey, look at that!

ANGLE - HOUSE - SEEN THROUGH WINDSHIELD

One of those fancy Victorian places. This one's special because RANDI JAMES is just leaving it, carrying a pastel-blue overnight bag. When she sees our boys, she RUNS FOR IT.

BIGELOW
Looks guilty to me.

EXT. STREET

Bigelow FISHTAILS to a stop, bursts out of the car and overtakes her in five big bounds. He grabs her arm.

BIGELOW
Hi, again.

She pulls away.

JAMES
Let go of my arm!

BIGELOW
Going on a trip?

JAMES
Is it any of your business?

Roger approaches them. James GAWKS at him.

JAMES
What happened to you?

Sheepishly, Mortis tries to wipe off the lipstick.

MORTIS
Cut myself shaving. Mind if we ask you a whole lot of questions?

JAMES
Listen, what happened in there today is just as much of a mystery to me, as it is to you. I got scared, and I left, O.K?

Mortis nods towards her apartment.

MORTIS
Why don't we talk inside?

Randi shrugs.

INT. LIVING ROOM

It's a beauty - tinted skylight, plush furnishings, recessed lighting, expensive art.

The greatest thing about this place, though, is the AQUARIUM WALL, where aquaria of all shapes and sizes are stacked floor-to-ceiling, packed with hundreds of exotic fish.

BIGELOW
Nice pad.

MORTIS
You want to tell us what's going on?

JAMES
I told you. I'm their public relations person. It's supposed to be a cushy job.

Randi pours herself a drink.

BIGELOW
It didn't look too cushy to me.

JAMES
It was until this afternoon - when you two showed up.

MORTIS
Miss James, I got locked in that room where they kill the animals, and some nut case decompressed me. And I want to find him.

Randi takes a sip, and raises her eyes to Mortis.

JAMES
I'm truly sorry, but I can't help you. I don't know anything.

Bigelow rips open her overnight bag and DUMPS IT onto the floor. Nothing earth-shaking: clothes, underwear, a couple of dog-eared paperbacks, maybe a makeup kit.

JAMES
Hey, get out of there!

BIGELOW
Looks like the lady's going somewhere. Extra panties, dead giveaway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bigelow continues to got through the contents of the bag, as James keeps an uncomfortable eye on him.

MORTIS
Where were you heading, Miss James.

JAMES
Somehow, I don't think I have to answer your questions.

MORTIS
Somehow, I think you do.
(looks around)
Like how do you afford a place like this on a PR lady's salary?

JAMES
Easy. My father was a wealthy man. And the way he set things up, my trust fund was about to get slashed in a major way if I didn't buckle down soon. That's why I started working at Dante Labs. And that's why I can't afford trouble. Not on my salary, at least.

MORTIS
This morning there was an attempted robbery in Union Square. Three bystanders died. We think Dante Labs was connected with it.

JAMES
Dante Labs? How? It doesn't make sense.

MORTIS
All we need is a lead, a starting place, an address --

JAMES
I'd love to help, but I have no idea what you're ...

Bigelow pulls a tape out of her purse.

BIGELOW
Hey, what's this?

James makes a move to snatch it from him ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES
That's personal!

... but he holds it up over her head.

BIGELOW
Gotta be a tape machine around here somewhere.

He visually scans the facing wall, which is divided into panels, covered with very expensive fabric. On a hunch, Bigelow pushes against one of the panels. It slides open to reveal an elaborate hi-fi/video complex.

BIGELOW
I've seen one of these before - on "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous."

He pushes some buttons, pops the tape in and pushes play.

The TV goes on, revealing an OLD MAN who is TALKING from a HOSPITAL BED.

MAN
Princess, this may be the last time I ever to talk to you ...

James is visibly upset. She moves to turn off the tape.

JAMES
I'm sorry, gentlemen, but you'll need a search warrant ...

Suddenly, the door BREAKS OPEN with a burst of AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE --

-- and TWO BIG THUGS with roadmap scars rush in and STRAFE THE APARTMENT with Uzi machine guns. We're talking Cro-Magnon here, straight from th cave, and they've got the grunts to prove it.

MORTIS
Get <u>down</u>!

Mortis grabs Randi and pulls her under the couch as hot slugs SHRED THE UPHOLSTERY. Bigelow ROLLS ASIDE, ducks into an alcove.

Bullets spray the wall, floor, ceiling, everything. Two hanging speakers CRASH to the floor. And AQUARIUM EXPLODES, spilling fish on the carpet.

The TAPE continues to PLAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mortis pops up and fires, BANG, BANG, BANG, three direct hits on Zombie one's midsection. No effect. Bigelow leans out and BLASTS the other one, ducks back from the return fire.

BIGELOW
Remember the good old days when guns killed people?

MORTIS
You're just spoiled, that's all.

Zombie One steps forward, snarling -- and TANGLES HIS FOOT in a lampcord.

ANGLE - MORTIS

Seeing his chance, he rolls from concealment, grabs the lamp and HEAVES. But instead of tripping them, the CORD BREAKS, leaving him standing there like an idiot.

The zombies BLAST HIM, getting him right in the chest. Mortis is THROWN BACK against the wall.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

As the Zombies go for James and Bigelow. James darts into Bigelow's alcove, dodging a double-line of SHELLBURSTS.

ANGLE - MORTIS

Stunned, wondering why he's not dead. Then it dawns on him. He gets his gun back and STANDS UP.

ANGLE - LIVING ROOM

MORTIS
Over here, fellas.

The zombies wheel around and Mortis BLASTS THEM BOTH. They still don't die, but they hesitate long enough for James and Mortis and Bigelow to DUCK THROUGH A DOORWAY.

ANGLE - SHORT HALLWAY

All three hauling ass.

MORTIS
Where does this go?

JAMES
Out back ... patio ...

Bullets stitch the wall behind them. A framed picture of the Bay Bridge, shrouded in fog, DISINTEGRATES.

EXT. PATIO

As they burst outside. The bad news is that it's COMPLETELY ENCLOSED, no way out from here.

The good news is that it's really a pleasant spot: wet bar, jacuzzi, even a Sony portable TV showing reruns of "The Brady Bunch." Also, a wrought-iron table with an umbrella that says CINZANO.

BIGELOW
I always wanted to die in luxury.

MORTIS
A dream come true. Got any bullets left?

BIGELOW
Nope.

MORTIS
Great. Me neither, but ...

Sorry, time's up. The door LEAPS OFF ITS HINGES, cartwheeling through the air, and the zombies are right behind it.

Mortis RUSHES THEM, taking lots of hits but what the hell, he's a zombie too, and he BODY-BLOCKS Zombie One backwards into the jacuzzi. Zombie Two grabs him around the throat from behind.

They're still grappling when Bigelow grabs the CINZANO umbrella and BRAINS the Zombie with it. Enraged, the zombie BACKHANDS BIGELOW, sending him sprawling across the patio. The zombie goes for him.

ANGLE - JACUZZI

Zombie One flounders in the whirlpooling water. Thinking quickly, Roger grabs the PORTABLE TV and tosses it into the water, trailing its power cord. Current COURSES THROUGH THE ZOMBIE, frying him like a bacon strip.

But lest we forget --

ANGLE - BIGELOW

Prone on the grass, trying to get his bearings as Zombie Two LUMBERS FORWARD to tear his throat out. James tries to slow him down but he SLAPS HER ASIDE.

Then, at the LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, (nothing else will do) Bigelow grabs the UMBRELLA and yanks up on it, and the blunt end's lodged in the ground but the pointy end comes up like a stake --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- and the zombie DIVES ON IT, impaling himself.

ANGLE - IMPALED ZOMBIE

Landing heavily on the ground, with the umbrella sprouting from his back. You can read part of CINZANO on it. He twitches once, and loses it.

ANGLE - PATIO

Mortis, Bigelow and James get up and dust themselves off. Mortis' shirt is torn and blood stained, though he otherwise appears to be just fine.

BIGELOW
Kee-rist! What was that all about?

MORTIS
Someone wants the lady dead. Just about managed it, too.

JAMES
(upset)
But why? I didn't do anything!

MORTIS
Maybe it's what you know.

JAMES
How many times do I have to tell you: I don't know a Goddamned thing! I play tour guide and write press releases!

Mortis stares at her, trying to gauge the veracity of her words. Randi turns away and starts indoors. Mortis and Bigelow follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Looking - not surprisingly - like a battlefield. James GASPS and scurries over to the broken aquarium, kneeling by it. Several DEAD FISH lie on the carpet.

JAMES
Damn. They're dead. They always die on me.

BIGELOW
I'd say they had extenuating circumstances.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
You don't understand. The mollie's were my favorite. My favorites always die.

Mortis and Bigelow's eyes suddenly go to the TV, where the OLD MAN is still TALKING from the hospital bed.

LOUDERMILK
So, Princess, I hope you understand everything I've told you. If you have any questions, go see my lawyer, Don Pierson. And always remember, how special you are.

Randi looks up at the TV, and rushes over to turn it off.

BIGELOW
Who was that?

MORTIS
Hey, I recognize that guy. It's Arthur Loudermilk. Didn't he just die ...?

JAMES
(visibly upset)
Two weeks ago.
(beat)
He's my father.

Bigelow WHISTLES.

BIGELOW
The lady is worth some major bucks.

JAMES
I'm also the target of a lot of freaks.

MORTIS
Miss James, those were more than freaks.

JAMES
What are you talking about?

Suddenly, she looks sharply at Roger.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES
Hey, why aren't you dead? Why aren't you even hurt.

MORTIS
It's kind of a long story.

She watches him, like a skindiver eyeing a Mako shark.

MORTIS
They can't kill me. I'm dead already. I'm a walking corpse, just like those killers.

JAMES
What?!

BIGELOW
Remember those guys from "Dawn of the Dead?" He's like them, only better looking.

James begins to straighten up.

JAMES
This is nonsense. If there's nothing else, I wish you'd leave, I ...

Mortis grabs her.

MORTIS
Miss James, we need your help. And for whatever reasons, I think you need ours, too.

JAMES
I'm a very rich girl. I don't need anybody's help.

BIGELOW
C'mon, don't play stupid James.

MORTIS
Shut-up, Doug!
(softer)
Randi, please. Help us.

Randi looks at him for a moment. Turns away and begins to talk.

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES
Dante Labs was my father's private think tank. Anything that interested him - from butterflies to space travel - they researched for him.

MORTIS
So he bankrolled a zombie project!

JAMES
No! He was a good man. He'd never mean any harm, he ...

BIGELOW
But the fact is that somebody on his payroll is making zombies and using them to rob jewelry stores!

Mortis glances at the clock. It's 3 PM. He turns back to James, impatiently.

MORTIS
Think! Haven't you noticed anything or anyone strange at work?

JAMES
Well, there was one thing ...

MORTIS
What?

JAMES
Last week I made some deliveries to a guy named Thule in Chinatown. Secret stuff, experimental.

Mortis grabs her arm.

MORTIS
You're going to show us exactly where you made that delivery.

JAMES
Oh, no I'm not.

MORTIS
Miss James, I am a very desperate man. And for the next six hours you are going to do exactly what I tell you, is that clear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Bigelow reacts, impressed. James pulls away.

JAMES
I know my rights.

MORTIS
Are you sure? I'll remind you, just in case.

He takes his handcuffs and begins to CUFF HER.

MORTIS
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against ...

JAMES
(screeching)
What are you doing?!

MORTIS
At the moment you are our prime suspect. Do you want to help, or do you want to go to jail?

James is speechless.

BIGELOW
Uh ... Roger, now that that's settled, you better get yourself a clean shirt. Being dead isn't something you should advertise.

JAMES
I ... I think I have something in the closet.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - ROGER IN BATHROOM

Facing a mirror, buttoning up a clean sports shirt. Roger wrestles with one of the buttons, finally gets it and looks up ...

CLOSEUP - MIRROR

... into your WORST NIGHTMARE - this wart ridden, gray-green wasteland of a face, pitted and ravaged and SWARMING WITH MAGGOTS ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ANGLE - ROGER

Gasping with horror, he backs up, covering his face, trying to shut it out - only he can't, he has to LOOK AGAIN

ANGLE - ROGER FACING MIRROR

... and it's fine, the Roger in the mirror is just like the Roger in real life. But both of them are SHAKEN by the experience.

BIGELOW
(v.o.)
Hey, Roger, how you doing in there?

MORTIS
(deep sigh)
Great. Fabulous.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

The Galaxie's right where they left it, half-blocking the street. The windshield is wallpapered with PARKING TICKETS. Mortis clears them off as the others get in.

MORTIS
How many tickets is that this month? So far, I mean?

BIGELOW
What the hell do you care?

MORTIS
Oh, yeah, right.

He gets in, and they're off.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - CHINATOWN

GRANT AVENUE, the main street of Chinatown, with CURIO SHOPS and CHINESE STREET LANTERNS and PAGODA STYLE ROOFS and about a million ethnic shoppers grappling for pavement.

ANGLE - STREET

In the foreground is a Chinaman selling live chickens from a street-cart. The cart has a hand-lettered sign that reads: THESE CHICKENS ARE FOR FOOD, NOT PETS. The GALAXIE goes by as CAMERA FOLLOWS.

INT. CAR

Bigelow driving, Mortis in front, James in back. Chinatown passes by the windows.

BIGELOW
Much farther?

JAMES
Not much. There, up ahead.

ANGLE - BUTCHER SHOP, SEEN THROUGH WINDSHIELD

With a display window showing ROAST DUCKS hanging by their legs over a price list in Chinese.

BIGELOW
Great, I'm famished.

ANGLE - STREET

As Bigelow DOUBLE PARKS and they make their way to the sidewalk. The car simply adds to the already incredible congestion.

Suddenly, we hear RAPID GUNFIRE. Mortis and Bigelow spin around, GUNS DRAWN.

ANGLE - ALLEY

TWO CHINESE KIDS are fighting it out on a fire escape. Both have toy combat rifles from Remco with "electronic sound of gunfire."

FIRST KID
You're dead!

SECOND KID
Am not!

Mortis and Bigelow put their guns away, sheepishly.

BIGELOW
Shit. They must watch some nasty cartoons.

He watches, as the kids continue to squabble.

FIRST KID
Yes you are! I blew you into a million pieces!

SECOND KID
Well, I blew you into <u>two</u> million pieces.

Mortis tugs on his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
C'mon, let's go.

BIGELOW
Don't you want to see how it turns out?

INT. BUTCHER SHOP

Ducks, chickens, suckling pigs -- something for everyone. Iron ovens line the wall. A waist-high BUTCHER BLOCK sits close by, under a hanging assortment of CARVING KNIVES. A steel door leads to a WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR.

Behind the counter is a hairless BUTCHER with a blood-stained apron. If he wanted to, this guy could give inscrutability lessons. He looks up as the others enter.

BUTCHER
You wish something?

JAMES
Yes. I have to -- speak with Mr. Thule.

BUTCHER
Mr. Thule is unavailable.

BIGELOW
(stepping forward)
We're cops, Mongo. And if Thule's not out here in ten seconds, he'll be unavailable down at the station house.

BUTCHER
Ah... very well.

The butcher touches an unseen button and a MUFFLED BUZZER goes off someplace. After a moment a GRIZZLED HAND parts a beaded curtain, and MR. THULE steps in.

ANGLE - MR. THULE

Very old, FRAIL and DESSICATED -- but with a deliciously subtle wickedness to him.

MR. THULE
Ah, Miss James. Always a pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
Mr. Thule, something terrible has happened.

MR. THULE
Yes, I know.
(bows to others)
Are these your friends, the police detectives?

MORTIS
Right the first time, Dad.
(flashing ID)
Mortis and Bigelow, City Police. We're looking for the man who takes deliveries from Dante Labs.

MR. THULE
You have found him. How may I help you?

MORTIS
What did Dante send you?

MR. THULE
Nothing of any importance.

BIGELOW
We're not interested in your value judgments.

Thule shrugs.

THULE
I put no value on judgments.

Mortis grabs Thule, angrily.

MORTIS
Give me a straight answer, or I'll get a warrant and rip this place to pieces.

The butcher takes a threatening step forward, within reach of the HANGING KNIVES. But he stops, because Bigelow's got him covered.

BIGELOW
Your friend takes one more step, he'll find himself dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. THULE
Life and death are both expressions of the same eternal spirit.

BIGELOW
You believe that shit?

MR. THULE
It suits my modest needs. Let me illustrate.

Thule's hand shoots out to stab a GOLD BUTTON--

--and ELECTRIC LIGHTNING spits from a wall-mounted grid, striking these little BRASS FITTINGS buried in the animal carcasses --

--bringing all of them to sudden and horrifying LIFE!

ANGLE - CARCASSES

Ducks on hooks WRITHING and WRIGGLING, flapping their wingstubs. ROAST CHICKENS climbing out of iron pans. PIGS wallowing around with corpse-like HOG SNORTS.

One of the ovens FLIES OPEN to reveal an army of CHICKEN WINGS, scrambling to escape. Something SLAMS into the door of the walk-in refrigerator, leaving a dent, because whatever's in there is BIG and WANTS OUT.

ANGLE - BUTCHER SHOP

James SCREAMS and Mortis and Bigelow turn helplessly around, wondering what to shoot at first.

BIGELOW
Jesus Christ!

A ROAST CHICKEN bumps into his pantleg and Bigelow BLOWS IT AWAY.

BIGELOW
I changed my mind, I'm not hungry anymore.

ANGLE - BUTCHER

Seeing his chance, he grabs a CARVING KNIFE -- a <u>big</u> one, Rambo-size-- and rushes Mortis. Mortis reflexively raises his hand and the knife HACKS INTO IT, between the third and fourth fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The butcher withdraws it for another slice -- and Bigelow BLASTS him in the chest. He SHRIEKS and falls down dead. Bigelow looks at the smoking gun in amazement.

BIGELOW
You're kidding. Just one shot?

MORTIS
(nursing his hand)
Not everyone's a zombie, Doug.

ANGLE - WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR

which suddenly BURSTS OPEN as, get ready, a SIDE OF BEEF crawls out, slithering on its ribs like the legs of a centipede.

MORTIS
Jesus, how do you fight this thing?

BIGELOW
Maybe we could drown it in A-1 Sauce.

Mortis and Bigelow BLAST the damn thing and it falls over on its -- uh -- side.

ANGLE - BUTCHER SHOP

A duck pokes its BLIND HEAD into Randi James' belly and she BEHEADS IT with a CLEAVER. A pig butts Bigelow and he blows its snout off. Mortis looks down, and recoils in disgust.

MORTIS
What the fuck ....

As we watch, the crawling entrees begin to SPLIT THEIR SKINS, spilling MEAT and GRISTLE all over the floor. Randi turns away. Bigelow and Mortis look extremely grossed out.

BIGELOW
Christ. That's enough to turn me vegetarian.

Mortis bolts through the beaded curtain, with Bigelow right behind him.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Cramped and dirty. Mortis bangs open the REAR DOOR and BOTH go outside.

EXT. ALLEY

Nothing. Garbage, old boxes, a clothesline tied to a fire escape. A mongrel kitten licking itself. Mortis slumps against the wall.

MORTIS
Damn.

BIGELOW
Guy makes one hell of a diversion, don't he?

INT. BUTCHER SHOP

as our heroes return. Randi James sits in the corner, green-gilled, trying not to look at the MARINATED MESS.

JAMES
I can't take this. I'm getting out of here. I'm taking the next plane to New York, or Paris, or ...

Mortis grabs her shoulder.

MORTIS
I don't think so. You're stuck in this thing, just like we are.

James tries to pull free -- and notices the GAPING KNIFE-WOUND in Roger's hand.

JAMES
Hey, you're hurt --

MORTIS
Lady, I'm fucking dead.

Bigelow checks his watch.

BIGELOW
Roger, it's four thirty. No time for bitching.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - BACKROOM

Mortis, Bigelow and James step through the beaded curtain into an UNKEMPT HIDEAWAY cluttered with ANIMAL PARTS in HAND-LABELED JARS.

CONTINUED:

A PEGBOARD on the back wall holds an assortment of SCALPELS, CLAMPS and CALIPERS. Also some blunt NUMBER 2 PENCILS and a well-worn SLIDE RULE.

A DUCK'S HEAD rests in a shallow iron pan, sprouting an assortment of ALLIGATOR-CLIPPED WIRES. The wires are connected to a jerry-rigged MACHINE with a bright RED BUTTON.

Bigelow pokes the button and the duck's head QUACKS.

MORTIS
Duck's-head zombies. What a concept.

BIGELOW
This could replace the whoopee cushion.

Mortis and Bigelow sift through instruments, drawers, and shelves, tossing books and debris every which way.

JAMES
(sarcastically)
Stumbling onto any clues, detectives?

They both shoot Randy a dirty look, and continue to thrash the place without mercy. Bigelow loudly smashes vases and ceramic pieces on the floor, giving Randi a start, while Mortis quickly shuffles through books and papers.

BIGELOW
You never find anything good until you really destroy a place.

JAMES
Imagine what you could do with a search warrant.

Bigelow continues to wreak haoc, as Mortis picks up a well-thumbed reference book and a SHEET OF PAPER falls out. The paper's rough along one edge, like it's been torn from a spiral notebook.

He studies the paper, and grabs Bigelow.

MORTIS
Hey, Doug - check this out.

CLOSEUP - SHEET OF PAPER

Two handwritten columns, one of INITIALS and one of CALENDAR DATES. The last one on the page is

CONTINUED: (2)

APL 6/12

BIGELOW (V.O.)
Dates and initials... what do you think it means?

MORTIS (V.O.)
I don't know. But this last one, APL -- what do you want to bet it's Arthur P. Loudermilk?

ANGLE - MORTIS, BIGELOW AND JAMES

James reacts with AMAZEMENT.

JAMES
My father?! June twelfth... my God, he died on June twelfth.

MORTIS
Miss James, do any of these initials mean anything to you?

JAMES
No, should they?

Mortis stares at the sheet.

MORTIS
I don't know. But I have a hunch these guys are all dead.

BIGELOW
Who do you suppose they were?

MORTIS
One way to find out.

CUT TO:

INT. GALAXIE - DRIVING

Bigelow's driving; Mortis sits in the back where Randi is SEWING UP HIS HAND with a needle and thread.

MORTIS
You're quite a little seamstress.

JAMES
It's my Girl Scout training. Very hard to get rid of.

She breaks the thread, and starts tying it off, as Bigelow watches in the rearview mirror.

EXT. CITY LIBRARY

As the Galaxie pulls up in front.

BIGELOW
C'mon, Rog. Let's get in there before your card expires.

INT. LIBRARY

More books, magazines, and periodicals than you can shake a card catalog at. Bigelow and James are seated at a large table as Roger approaches with a double armful of NEWSPAPERS.

MORTIS
This should cover the dates in question.

BIGELOW
(reaching for a paper)
Dibs on March.

All three start going through the papers.

JAMES
Here's one: George Nelson Canfield, the denim king. Inventor of sweat-to-fit blue jeans. Died February twelfth.

BIGELOW
Oh, crap!

MORTIS
What is it?

BIGELOW
The Giants won yesterday, but they didn't make the point spread. I had ten bucks on that game.

MORTIS
C'mon, asshole - will you check the obituaries?

JAMES
I found one. Oliver Langston, microchip wizard, March fourth.

MORTIS
Here's another. Howard Preston, film financier, April third. See any pattern?

(CONTINUED)

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
Yeah, all of them sound like wimpy little four-eyes.

MORTIS
And they all had a nice hunk of disposable cash when they kicked off.

JAMES
Rich dead people. What does it mean?

MORTIS
I'm not sure, yet. But it looks like your father was one of their victims.

JAMES
That's crazy.

MORTIS
I know. But this is not what you'd call a routine case.

Mortis drops the paper.

MORTIS
Guess they can have their obituaries back.

He turns away, and his eye catches the LARGE WALL CLOCK. It's 5:15. Suddenly there's this look in his eyes that's really weird, like a rabid dog or something.

BIGELOW
(a little scared)
Hey, Roger, what's wrong, you look really freaked out all of a sudden...

MORTIS
The obituaries... they're writing new ones all the time, they're writing <u>mine</u>--

JAMES
Hey, take it easy...

MORTIS
Roger Mortis, beloved husband of nobody, father of none.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS (Cont'd)
Who could never make a relationship work, drank too much cheap beer and worked too damn hard - all for what? So he could decompose one Thursday afternoon ...

JAMES
Roger ...

MORTIS
I gotta get outta here.

He gets up, shoves past James and Bigelow.

BIGELOW
Hey, hold up a minute!

TRACKING SHOT - LIBRARY AISLE

But he doesn't. Mortis RUNS FULL-TILT through the library, knocking people down, slamming carts aside and BOLTING PELL-MELL for the exit -- until he collapses against a counter, PANTING.

After a moment Bigelow catches up with him.

BIGELOW
Not bad for a fella in your condition. Being dead must agree with you.

Roger doesn't respond.

BIGELOW
(despairingly)
Come on, Roger, we don't have time for this.

Bigelow tries to put his arm on Roger's shoulder, but he pushes him away.

MORTIS
Six hours isn't enough! I need more time! I'm not ready to die!

Bigelow is frozen into place. He wants to help, but there's really nothing he can say or do.

MORTIS
I just want to nail the sonofabitch who murdered me.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORTIS (Cont'd)
It's the only thing I got left to do. It's the only thing I can do!

BIGELOW
(softly)
It's O.K., buddy, I understand. And we're gonna find him. I won't let you down.

ANGLE - LIBRARY SHELVES

CAMERA TRACKS with Randi as she walks past endless rows of bookshelves, getting lost in the stacks. She peruses the books, running her manicured finger along the spines.

ANGLE - MORTIS AND BIGELOW

Bigelow gently claps Mortis on the shoulder. He shrugs him off for a moment, then relents, and puts his arm around Bigelow's shoulder.

ANGLE - LIBRARY SHELVES

Randi continues to scan the shelves. She lingers over a book, cocks her head to read the title, when suddenly

BAM!!! A matched set of GNARLED HANDS explodes right through the bookcase behind Randi, SCATTERING the volumes!

ANGLE - MORTIS AND BIGELOW

Mortis smiles, and they begin to walk back.

ANGLE - LIBRARY SHELVES

Randi SHRIEKS as the hands CLOSE around her windpipe.

ANGLE - MORTIS AND BIGELOW

They both stop dead in their tracks, then run like hell in the direction of Randi's SCREAMS.

ANGLE - MORTIS

CAMERA TRACKS past endless rows of bookshelves as Mortis frantically tries to locate the source of Randi's SCREAMS.

ANGLE - RANDI

Feet dangling inches from the ground, trying desperately to extricate herself from the zombie's grasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGLE - BIGELOW

Gun drawn, running past row after row of bookshelves.

ANGLE - MORTIS

Spots Randi, and tears down the aisle.

CLOSEUP - MORTIS'S BELT

--as he pulls out his SERVICE HANDCUFFS--

ANGLE - ZOMBIE

--and expertly SNAPS THEM around BOTH WRISTS, neatly trapping the zombie's arms on either side of the SHELF DIVIDER!

The zombie instantly relinquishes his grip and drops Randi into Mortis' arms.

Mortis hugs Randi as the zombie BUCKS and HEAVES and GROWLS with such ferocity that books are TUMBLING off the shelves like a literary avalanche.

Bigelow suddenly approaches the row, and Mortis turns to him.

MORTIS
They shouldn't let people in here if they can't behave.

BIGELOW
You want to--excuse the expression--book him?

MORTIS
Nah. I got a better idea.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - PAY PHONE

Mortis speaks with angelic innocence as Bigelow looks on.

MORTIS
Captain Mayfield, please... yes, Captain, we have a 187 suspect here at the library, attempted murder by strangulation. He's big and ugly-looking and you'll find him in Modern Fiction, under Z for Zombie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He holds the phone away from his ear as we hear a burst of ANGRY CHATTER.

MORTIS
(to Bigelow)
The Captain says to tell you he's proud of our fine work.

BIGELOW
Tell him thanks very much.

Roger hangs up and they're gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY

As Mortis, Bigelow and Randi walk towards the car. Randi shakily applies some makeup.

BIGELOW
Where to, Rog?

MORTIS
Let's pay a visit to that lawyer Loudermilk mentioned on the tape. Find out who gets his dough.

INT. CAR

Bigelow's driving, Mortis sits beside him. Randi James is in back, crying.

Roger sees her in the rearview mirror, and turns around. He extends his hand.

MORTIS
Hey, it's going to be O.K.

TWO-SHOT - ROGER AND RANDI

growing more and more interested in each other's company.

MORTIS
You know what I heard once?

JAMES
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Half of all the people who ever lived are still alive. I mean, the population of the world is so big that half the people who ever lived are still alive.

JAMES
Come on.

MORTIS
It's true. If you took all the people who've died since the beginning of history, and all the people alive right now, they'd be about the same number.

JAMES
Jesus.

MORTIS
So if anyone asks you if you're gonna die, you can say, 'I don't know, so far it's only happened to half of us.'

JAMES
I'll try to remember that.

MORTIS
And besides--

He breaks off at the sound of the CAR RADIO:

DISPATCHER
(filter)
3 Adam 38, please respond. 3 Adam 38...

MORTIS
What the hell is it?

DISPATCHER
Smythers wants you at the morgue right away. She says It's a matter of life or death.

Mortis and Bigelow exchange glances.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE

as the three of them enter that marrow-chilling room with the gurneys and bodies. Randi SHUDDERS.

JAMES
You two sure know how to show a girl a good time.

BIGELOW
Don't mention it.

Smythers enters the room, very excited.

SMYTHERS
Roger, I think I may have some good news...
(she spots Randi)
Oh, hello.

MORTIS
Randi James, Rebecca Smythers.

The two ladies give each other the once over.

JAMES
You work here?

SMYTHERS
Yes, actually I do.

MORTIS
(proudly)
Dr. Smythers is on her way to becoming head coroner some day.

JAMES
(distastefully)
My, what a ... unique accomplishment.

Smythers turns to include Roger.

SMYTHERS
Wherever did you find the time to make such a nice new friend?

MORTIS
(weary)
Becky, Randi was the PR woman for Dante Labs.

SMYTHERS
I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIGELOW
So, what's the big news?

SMYTHERS
(to Roger)
Take off your shirt. And sit on the table.

Roger does so.

She puts a THERMOMETER in Roger's mouth. Then shines a penlight in Roger's eyes, and brings it down to study his skin tone. Randi steps closer to see what she is doing.

CLOSEUP - ROGER'S CHEST AND STOMACH

She talks into the microphone, hanging above the table.

SMYTHERS
Abdominal wall shows advanced visceral putrefaction--note the greenish areas--and purpuric spots, symptomatic of sub-cutaneous hemorrhage.
(turns to Randi)
Not what I'd call sexy.
(continues into mike)
Marbling patterns suggest blood drainage into extremities, deterioration of muscle tone--

MORTIS
Do you have to talk into that thing? This isn't an autopsy ... yet.

Smythers pulls out the thermometer and studies it.

SMYTHERS
88.2 degrees Fahrenheit. Since you died you've been steadily cooling off.
(beat)
Your body's decaying, Roger. In fact, decomposition is progressing more rapidly than I'd hoped.

Randi steps back, with a mixture of horror and pity.

Roger jumps off the table, angrily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
Then what the hell am I doing here?

Rebecca grabs Mortis.

SMYTHERS
Because, I think I can buy you a chance. I discovered this special process they were testing. And its subjects last longer than twelve hours.

MORTIS
How much longer?

SMYTHERS
I'm not sure, yet. But the tests look promising.

He pulls away, and she grabs his hand.

SMYTHERS
Roger, it means you've got a shot. A few hours, a few days, - I don't know! But however long it is, we've got to try it. I can't let you walk around the city, a dead man.

At first he doesn't answer. Finally he SHAKES HIS HEAD, and lets go of her hand.

MORTIS
Forget it, Rebecca. If I waste my time chasing miracle cures, I'll never catch the bastard who did this to me.

Smythers voice begins to break despite herself, despite her attempts to maintain professional cool.

SMYTHERS
Roger, don't you understand - I can't let someone I love walk away without a chance. Imagine what we could do with another week!

Randi turns away.

MORTIS
Can you guarantee that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SMYTHERS
(very softly)
No.

MORTIS
Becky, I've got a job to do. The most important case of my ...

Smythers reacts, hurt and emotional.

SMYTHERS
Christ, haven't you learned anything? You've spent the past ten years, risking you neck out in the field. And now that someone finally does kill you, it's still not enough. You've got to go back out there, asking for ...

MORTIS
I guess I'm just a glutton for punishment.

Smythers sighs. This is obviously a losing battle.

SMYTHERS
You're nuts. But I knew that.

Mortis nods, regretfully.

SMYTHERS
So, now what?

Bigelow and James looks at Mortis. He thinks for a moment.

MORTIS
I want to take a look at Loudermilk's grave.

SMYTHERS
Loudermilk? What do you expect to find there?

MORTIS
I'm not sure. But I'd sure like to take a look at his abdominal wall putrification.

SMYTHERS
Very funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MORTIS
Doug, why don't you pay a visit to Loudermilk's lawyer? We'll hit the cemetery, and meet back at Randi's.

JAMES
Now, if you don't mind. I think I'll skip the trip to my father's ...

MORTIS
I know it's tough Randi. But I like you better where I can see you.

SMYTHERS
I'm staying here to run some tests. I'm not giving up hope, Roger.

Roger grabs her, and kisses her gently.

MORTIS
Enough said?

Smythers smiles and nods, tearfully, as they all turn to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORGUE - LATE AFTERNOON

The three of them exit the building.

A large BLACK MERCEDES SEDAN pulls up in front of the morgue. The personalized plates read: "BODY DOC." Bigelow whistles.

BIGELOW
"Body Doc." Christ, that's nothing I would advertise.

Macnab rolls down his window.

MACNAB
(snidely)
What is this - "Morgue Patrol?"

MORTIS
Actually, we're after a ring of Mercedes thieves in this area. Careful where you park, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Thanks.

GUARD
Funny guy, he was.

MORTIS
How do you mean?

GUARD
He had a telephone installed in his mausoleum. A telephone!
(guffaws)
I guess he didn't want to miss any calls, just on account of being dead.

Mortis drives off.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM

A big Gothic affair, plenty of cultured marble. Up top is an engraved inscription that reads:

ARTHUR PERCIVAL LOUDERMILK
Beloved Husband of Loretta

Mortis and James approach the entrance to find it securely PADLOCKED.

JAMES
Now what? I haven't got a key.

MORTIS
Allow me.

He escorts her to the door, takes out his gun and BLASTS THE PADLOCK.

JAMES
Isn't that illegal?

MORTIS
Yes.

He swings the door open -- and GUTS begin OOZING outside, into the gravel. Randi SCREAMS, and lifts her heels, trying to dance away from the YUCCKY MESS.

JAMES
Jesus, what is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
I'm afraid it's your father.

James looks horrified.

JAMES
My father?! What happened to him?

MORTIS
I have a hunch your father financed the resurrection machine to use on himself. But whoever resurrected him must not have wanted a zombie millionaire for a senior partner. So they brought him back, then buried him alive.

JAMES
(aghast)
Premature burial... oh Jesus, it was his worst nightmare...

MORTIS
These are not nice folks we're dealing with.

CLOSEUP - JAMES' LEGS

As they enter the mausoleum, and break a FAINT BLUE PHOTOELECTRIC BEAM.

INT. MAUSOLEUM

They walk into decorator perfect small apartment, classically furnished in the style of Louis XIV. Like a small room in Versailles. A picture of President Reagan shaking hands with Loudermilk is prominent on a small table next to a couch.

Of course, the main attraction is this extravagant COFFIN, standing open. Close by it is a bedside table with a PRINCESS PHONE.

MORTIS
Jesus. There are people still alive who don't live this well.

Mortis crosses to the phone, lifts it; the HANDSET CORD is cut.

MORTIS
Guess his telephone wasn't much help, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
When I think of my father, trapped in here--

MORTIS
Would you cut the 'poor dad' routine? He wasn't your father.

JAMES
(double-takes)
What do you mean?

MORTIS
Outside it says 'Arthur Loudermilk, Husband of Loretta.' It doesn't mention any darling daughter.

James studies him for a long moment. Then:

JAMES
All right. I met him in the hospital. I was there for drug rehab, he took me under his wing.

MORTIS
The daughter he never had.

JAMES
Yeah. He set me up in a great apartment and got me that job at Dante and--and I bet he never knew what kind of snakehole he was dropping me in...

MORTIS
So this thing with the zombies came as a complete surprise to you.

JAMES
I swear... you believe me, don't you?

He breaks off, SQUINTING at the wall.

ANGLE-WALL

where a TELEPHONE NUMBER is scrawled in Loudermilk's blood: 263-9362.

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
Looks like he left something for us.

He takes out a pad and JOTS IT DOWN.

JAMES
The killer's phone number?

MORTIS
At this point, I'd believe anything.

Randi looks at the floor, then up to meet Roger's eyes.

JAMES
I'm sorry I lied to you, Roger.

MORTIS
(by rote)
... and you'll never do it again. Yeah, I know.

He begins to exit the mausoleum.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM

Mortis and James re-emerge.

CLOSEUP - JAMES' LEGS

As they again pass through the photoelectric beam. WE HEAR a faint RUMBLE. The ground begins to HEAVE.

JAMES
What the hell--

ANGLE - CEMETERY

as JAGGED BLUE BOLTS of lightning sizzle from headstones into the freshly-turned earth, playing over the soil like HIGH-VOLTAGE FINGERS--

ANGLE - ROGER AND RANDI

Surrounded by the lightning.

ANGLE - HEADSTONE

-- until twin ZOMBIE HANDS break the surface, like a swimmer coming up for air--followed by a rabidly-grinning refugee from Dante's Inferno.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
Dear God, what's that?

MORTIS
It's not valet parking. Come on!

Mortis SPRINTS for the car with James close behind. To get there they have to pass the emerging monster; he grabs for the girl, but MISSES.

They get into the car just as another zombie gets loose and comes for them. Mortis FLOORS IT.

MORTIS
Eat bumper, asshole.

The car SLAMS into the zombie, knocking him down and running him over--but he just gets up again, with MUDDY TIRE TRACKS across his face. Mortis hits him AGAIN AND AGAIN until the tracks CRISS-CROSS his entire body.

Finally Mortis knocks him down and PARKS ON HIM. The zombie SHAKES THE CAR but Roger doesn't care. He gets out and wrenches loose a WROUGHT-IRON GATEPOST and plunges its BARBED SPIKE into the zombie's braincase.

After that it doesn't do much.

MORTIS
About time.

Mortis speeds away from the zombies, down the long cemetery road, towards the guard gate.

EXT. GUARD GATE

where the guard's still reading the same comic book. Mortis pulls up and signals him.

GUARD
Have a nice visit?

MORTIS
Breathtaking. Can I use your phone?

GUARD
What's wrong, the crypt phone wasn't working?
(snickers)
Maybe Old Man Loudermilk got behind on his payments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mortis takes the phone and DIALS. He listens a moment, and hands it back. Randi calls from the car.

JAMES
Well? What was it?

Mortis starts towards her.

MORTIS
'Not in service at this time.'
I don't even think it's a valid
prefix for this area code.

JAMES
You mean, the number's nonsense?

He opens the door and gets in the car.

MORTIS
Precisely.

EXT. RANDI JAMES' HOUSE - NIGHT

As Mortis and James approach the front door, we notice that its all broken up, just like we left it -- but from inside comes SOFT NOISE and FLICKERING LIGHT.

JAMES
Funny--I didn't leave the TV on...

MORTIS
Shit--

He bounds to the door, looks in--and MOANS.

INT. HOUSE

It's all torn up, of course, just like before--but two things are different:

First, the projection TV's turned on. And it's showing D.O.A., that great scene where Edmund O'Brien tells the girl, "I'm a dead man. I can walk and talk and breathe but I'm still a dead man!"

The second thing is that Doug Bigelow has been DROWNED in an aquarium with Fighting Fish. He's propped on a chair with his head dangling upside-down into the fishtank. One of the fish is nibbling on his nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
(numbly)
Jesus Christ... Jesus Christ...

Mortis goes to him, pulls him out of the water, hugs the body.

MORTIS
Christ, Doug... this isn't happening...

JAMES
Roger... is he... dead?

MORTIS
He can't be dead, I'm the one who's dead, Doug, you can't be dead too...

JAMES
(touching his shoulder)
Please, Roger...

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - COUCH

Mortis sits woodenly next to James, staring off into space. Doug's body is lying on the floor under a sheet.

MORTIS
This same time yesterday, both of us were fine.

He touches the SORE on his forearm.

MORTIS
We went to this salad bar, Doug wanted a burger but I said come on, we gotta eat right if we want to be cops...

JAMES
(softly)
Don't talk now...

MORTIS
So Doug made this great big salad with eggs and croutons and everything, and he got sick and threw up all over the car-seat. And he said to me, 'Who's healthy now, asshole?'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES
Don't think about him...

MORTIS
Jesus...

He starts crying, and James COMFORTS HIM like a child. She helps him lie down, starts to unbutton his shirt. The skin underneath is kind of GREENISH-YELLOW.

JAMES
Can't say much for your skin tone, Roger...

MORTIS
Real pretty, huh?

JAMES
(tenderly)
No... it's okay, it's all right.

MORTIS
I'm going to die, Randi. For keeps this time.

JAMES
I know.
(bitterly)
All my favorites die.

She touches his face.

JAMES
I'm here, if you need me.

When Roger doesn't respond, she leans over and KISSES HIM. But Roger stops her.

MORTIS
I'm sorry, it just won't work.

JAMES
(sighing)
I know, it's okay. Just forget about it, Roger. Forget everything for a moment.

She nestles beside him on the couch.

ANGLE - COUCH - LOOKING DOWN ON THEM

Neither moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORTIS
It's funny, you know.

JAMES
What is?

MORTIS
For 35 years I never gave a shit about anything. Or anybody. And now every minute, every second is so important.

Randi takes his hand.

JAMES
I know, Roger. I sat with Arthur on his deathbed. I watched him count his final seconds. And something occurred to me.

MORTIS
What's that?

CLOSEUP - JAMES

Her hair spectrally backlit by a wash of lamplight.

JAMES
We each have our own private countdown. There's a certain number of seconds left before you die, just so many moments and that's it. And once you use them they're gone, they won't ever come back.

ANGLE - BOTH

Mortis drapes his arm over her.

MORTIS
Stay here, Randi.

JAMES
I will, I promise.

She snuggles close. He touches her hair, her throat, her shoulders. She makes a small, contented sigh...

JAMES
It's alright, Roger. It's alright.

Gradually they FALL ASLEEP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

ANGLE - COUCH

Roger and Randi sleeping.

ANGLE - ROOM

Bigelow walks over to the couch, dripping wet. He gently nudges Roger awake. Roger opens his eyes, and experiences a surprising shock of recognition.

MORTIS
Doug! You're alive!

BIGELOW
Well of course I'm alive! Did you think I'd let a little thing like drowning stand in my way.

Roger turns to wake Randi. Bigelow pulls him away.

BIGELOW
Shhh. No, don't. I want to show you something.

MORTIS
What?

BIGELOW
Just c'mon ...

Mortis stands, curiously, and follows Bigelow down a hallway.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Kind of dim and drab, with a BIG THICK DOOR at the end. Bigelow leads them towards it.

MORTIS
What's this all about, anyway?

BIGELOW
Here, I'll show you.

Bigelow grasps the doorknob and THROWS THE DOOR WIDE--

INT. DINING ROOM

--and a hundred people yell "SURPRISE!" at the same time--

--because the room is packed with ABSOLUTELY EVERYONE Roger has ever known in his entire life, his mom and dad and his high school physics teacher and Sue Ellen Jacobs from the Varsity swim team--

--and Mayfield and MacNab and Smythers and all the rest of the cast, maybe even this guy in back with muttonchop sideburns--

--but the real attraction is this great big LAYER CAKE with the sentimental message:

HAPPY DEATH DAY,
ROGER!

next to a cute little SKULL AND CROSSBONES in the frosting.

CLOSEUP - ROGER

Not sure how to react to all this.

MORTIS
Uh... you shouldn't have...

ANGLE - EVERYONE

But he trails off as the crowd sings a lusty rendition of that old favorite, "Happy Death Day To You..."

Roger bends to look at the cake...

ANGLE - CAKE

... and a FULL-LENGTH FEMALE SKELETON bursts from the frosting, wearing a French string bikini, sensually DANCING to the music--

CLOSEUP - DANCER'S SKULL

--unaware of the COCKROACHES swarming out of her eyes...

CUT TO:

ANGLE - COUCH

where Roger wakes with an involuntary SCREAM. After a moment he shudders, blinks, looks around.

He's alone.

MORTIS
Randi...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He starts to sit up, WINCES, and works his elbow back and forth. It's stiff, it hurts him. And GREENISH BRUISES are spreading over his flesh.

MORTIS
So this is how it feels to wake up dead.

ANGLE - HALLWAY

Following Mortis as he limps toward a DOOR standing ajar. Light spills from the doorway onto the carpet. As we get up close we hear MUFFLED SOBBING.

Mortis throws the door open.

INT. BATHROOM

Randi James sits on the toilet seat, dabbing at her eyes with a PASTEL TOWEL. The towel hides most of her face.

JAMES
(looking up)
I'm sorry, Roger. I didn't want to tell you, I thought you wouldn't understand--

MORTIS
What are you talking about?

JAMES
I lied about the drugs, I was in the hospital because I was dying too, I was dead --

MORTIS
My God...

JAMES
They brought me back, Roger, just like you. But I didn't have the twelve-hour time limit. They said I'd have a normal lifespan as long as I helped them.

She tries to stand, to embrace him...

JAMES
They lied to me...

And now the towel falls away and we see the BOTTOM OF HER FACE is sliding off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks like whatever they make HEAD CHEESE out of.

JAMES
(garbling it)
I'm sorry, Roger...

MORTIS
Randi, who are "they"? You've got to tell me, please!

And then her BODY DISINTEGRATES.

MORTIS
Oh God, oh God.

He staggers back into the hall.

INT. LIVING ROOM

where Mortis sits on the couch, staring at nothing, muttering to himself.

MORTIS
Doug... Randi... it's all going to hell, everything's going to hell...

Suddenly the PHONE RINGS. ONCE. TWICE. Curiously, Mortis walks over, and picks it up. Doesn't say a word, just listens.

A raspy voice CROAKS over the line.

TELEPHONE VOICE
Hello ... Princess ...?

We've all HEARD this VOICE before. Mortis listens closely.

TELEPHONE VOICE
Princess ....?

Another moment and the line goes dead.

MORTIS
Jesus Christ ... Loudermilk!

He stares at the handset, thinking about the ramifications.

MORTIS
He's still alive ...

Suddenly, a new realization strikes - we almost see a LIGHT BULB GOING ON OVER HIS HEAD.

CONTINUED:

MORTIS
Oh my God ...

He sets down the phone, whips out his pad and SCRIBBLES SOMETHING.

CLOSEUP - TELEPHONE AND NOTEPAD

Showing the number:

2 6 3 - 9 3 6 2

as, under it, Mortis writes the corresponding letters from the dial plate:

A M D W D M A
B N E X E N B
C O F Y F O C

Mortis taps the pad with his pen.

MORTIS
(mumbling)
A. A M, A N, A N F, A N D W--No,
B, G O, B O D--

ANGLE - MORTIS

His eyes widening.

INSERT - EXT. MORGUE

Mortis, Bigelow, and James looking at Macnab's personalized plates: "BODY DOC."

BACK TO SCENE

MORTIS
Holy shit!

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

as the Galaxie SQUEALS AROUND A CORNER, toppling a trash can, waking up a few BUMS sleeping in the street. Roger CRASHES into a phone pole, gets out and BOLTS for the MORGUE.

EXT. MORGUE

as Mortis tries it, finds it locked, and BLOWS IT THE FUCK OPEN. He kicks the door in and runs inside, gun drawn.

INT. MORGUE

It's dark, but there's a LIGHT at the end of the hall. Roger heads for it. And sees--

INT. OFFICE

Surprise! DR. EARNEST MacNab is sitting at a table, eating an open hot roast beef sandwich.

MACNAB
(surprised)
Roger! What are you doing here?

Mortis points the gun at his face.

MORTIS
What do you think, asshole?

MACNAB
You'll have to be more specific than that.

MORTIS
Okay. You want specific, here it comes. I'm blowing your fucking brains out. You killed me and you killed Doug. Maybe you didn't kill Randi but you and Loudermilk should've had the decency to let her stay dead.

MACNAB
(eyeing him carefully)
What on <u>earth</u> are you talking about?

MORTIS
Revenge, Earnest old chum. And you're on the receiving end.

MACNAB
(angrily)
But--this doesn't even make sense! I was <u>helping</u> you!

MORTIS
I don't think so. Loudermilk developed a machine for resurrecting dead people - and you've been supplying the bodies, haven't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACNAB
That's absurd. You're losing your mind, Mortis. Your brain is deteriorating - in another hour you'll be ...

MORTIS
(screams)
Shut up!

He pulls out the NOTEPAD with his free hand.

MORTIS
I found this number in Loudermilk's crypt, scrawled in blood by the poor bastard you brought back from the dead, so you could bury him alive. He couldn't write a clue like "It's Loudermilk," or "It's MacNab" in case you came back and erased it.

He shows Macnab the number.

MORTIS
263-9362. It's a coded message, using the numbers-to-letters scheme on any telephone. Here's what it spells: BODY DOC. Sounds a bit like your license plate, doesn't it?

MACNAB
That's what happens when you die, Roger. Your synapses misfire, leading to all sorts of demented, misbegotten conclusions.

MORTIS
My mind, Macnab, has never been sharper.

Macnab reaches for the phone. Mortis races over and tears it out of the wall.

MORTIS
Where's Loudermilk?

MACNAB
Loudermilk's dead!

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
No he's not, because I just spoke to him, and unless there's a watts line in hell, he's very much alive.

MACNAB
Then who's buried in his grave?

MORTIS
You tell me. Is it Canfield, the blue jeans guy? Oliver Langston? Howard Preston?

MacNab looks surprised that he's on to so much

MORTIS
Rich friends of Loudermilk's that you both resurrected and then buried alive. Right, MacNab?

MACNAB
This is insane.

Mortis grabs his wrist, which is circled by a gold Rolex. On his finger, he wears a ring studded with small diamonds.

MORTIS
Nice watch. Nice ring too. And I've got a helluva hunch that, if we wanted to, we could trace it back to those jewelry store robberies.

Mortis tears the ring off his finger. Macnab grimaces in pain.

MACNAB
Give me that! What the hell are you getting at?

MORTIS
Simply this: you were skimming off the top. Loudermilk wouldn't bother robbing jewelry stores - he's got bigger fish in mind. But you would. And when you saw that I was about to stumble onto something, you murdered me.

MACNAB
Circumstantial evidence. Wouldn't hold in any court - you know that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MORTIS
I'm not waiting for the courts asshole.

Roger FIRES, but he doesn't hit anything because a GRIZZLED HAND grabs the weapon and points it harmlessly at the ceiling. Then OTHERS GRAB ROGER, four of them, and they're big and strong and they take Roger's gun away and SHOVE him down into a chair and hold him there, struggling.

And MR. THULE steps into the frame.

MR. THULE
Good evening, Doctor.

MACNAB
Dammit, why'd the hell'd you wait so long? Bastard almost killed me!

MR. THULE
Call it... dramatic justice.

MACNAB
Look, Thule, I give the orders here, you're just the hired help. Got it?

THULE
But of course.

MacNab takes his ring back from Mortis, and places it back on his finger.

MACNAB
As you see, every job has its little perks, Mortis. Sometimes, it just takes a while to discover them.

MORTIS
No amount of money's gonna be worth what happens to you, MacNab.

He breaks off into a terrible WRACKING COUGH.

THULE
I see our detective is in rather poor condition.

MORTIS
Not as poor as you'll be, fuckhead--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THULE
Silence him.

One of the thugs CLOUTS Mortis on the head with a gunbutt, stunning him. A clot of bloody hair STICKS to the butt, and the thug has to wipe it off on his shirt.

MR. THULE
Thank you.
(to MacNab)
How do you wish this man killed?

MACNAB
Well, that's a funny thing, Thule. You see, I already killed him once. Killing him again would be sort of redundant.

MR. THULE
You have an alternative?

MACNAB
Yes, I do. Let's handle him like Canfield - the late great blue jeans king who shrank to fit in Loudermilk's crypt. Stick him someplace where he can't get out and let him... shall we way... stew on it.

MR. THULE
As you wish.
(to thugs)
Bring him, please.

They do.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

In front of the morgue, the street SLOPES SHARPLY DOWNWARD, a frightening, vertiginous descent. An AMBULANCE VAN is parked by the curb; Thule and MacNab open up the back, as the THUGS drag Roger on-camera.

EXT. STREET

The bad guys and Roger. Behind them CARS GO BY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACNAB
Nice irony, isn't it, Roger? Your last moments will be spent just inches from freedom, on a busy public street.

MR. THULE
For this very reason, Doctor, we should waste no time.

MACNAB
(to thugs)
Put him in the van. Cuff him to the siderail.
(looks at his watch)
We should be at Loudermilk's by now.

ANGLE - AMBULANCE VAN

Looking into the rear compartment. There's storage cabinets, an oxygen cylinder, and a STRETCHER with siderails. Two thugs shove Roger in and HANDCUFF his wrist to the rail.

Roger starts to sit down--and realizes there's already a BODY there, under a sheet. He WHIPS the sheet aside--

CLOSEUP - SMYTHERS

--and finds Smythers, her eyes WIDE OPEN and GLASSY with the terror that only violent death inspires.

MORTIS
Oh my God - NOOO!

SAME ANGLE - AMBULANCE

MacNab CHUCKLES with macabre delight.

MACNAB
You don't mind sharing the bedspace, do you? I know the two of you haven't been very close, lately ...

Roger fights the handcuffs.

MORTIS
(emotional)
I'll send you to Hell, scumbag! You can't get away from me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MACNAB
(leaning in)
Can't I? These walls are stainless steel. And in case you're thinking about calling for help--
(taps the side panel)
--it's soundproof. Custom-made. The perfect place to disintegrate.

MacNab checks his watch.

MACNAB
Which I'm expecting, incidentally, in about forty-five minutes.

MORTIS
I can hardly wait.

MACNAB
Happy trails, Roger.

They slam the door shut and seal it with a GIGANTIC PADLOCK.

EXT. STREET

as everyone piles into MacNab's black Mercedes and drives off, leaving Roger to his own devices.

INT. VAN

Mortis YANKS at the handcuff; it won't budge. He gropes in his pocket for his PENKNIFE and pries at the keyhole, but it's no use.

One thing he can do, though, is SLIDE the cuff along the rail. He slides back as far as he can and KICKS at the rear door, uselessly.

MORTIS
(loud)
CAN ANYONE OUT THERE HEAR ME?

Nothing.

MORTIS
Stupid question, asshole.

He slides the cuff to the front, where an ACCESS WINDOW separates the forward and read compartments. But it's much TOO SMALL to reach through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts his face up to it, squinting.

ANGLE - THROUGH ACCESS WINDOW

Not much to see: dashboard, steering wheel, seats. Between the seats is the AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION and EMERGENCY BRAKE.

Through the windshield we see tantalizing glimpses of TRAFFIC and PEDESTRIANS. None of them pays Roger the slightest attention.

INT. VAN

as Mortis yells through the window.

MORTIS
SOMEBODY CALL THE GODDAMN COPS!

Still nothing.

Mortis coughs and SPITS UP BLOOD. He touches his face and a layer of skin PEELS AWAY on his fingers. He fishes in his mouth and pulls out THREE TEETH.

MORTIS
Fuck... can't die in here...

He starts to yank at the cuffed hand--and suddenly bends to EXAMINE IT.

CLOSEUP - ROGER'S HAND

Wouldn't you know it? It's the same hand the butcher SLICED OPEN in Chinatown. We can see the JAGGED WOUND and CRUDE STITCHING. Roger grabs the ring and little fingers in his free hand and TEARS OPEN the wound.

ANGLE - MORTIS

Now he braces himself and PULLS against the cuff, as hard as he can. The steel cuff BITES into his hand until the hand PULLS FREE and cleanly SHEARS OFF two fingers. Roger cradles his hand, GRIMACING.

MORTIS
Oh, shit ... my hand ...

ANGLE - MORTIS

It takes a minute for him to recover, but he does. he staggers to the ACCESS WINDOW and looks through, STUDYING the forward compartment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he sticks his INJURED HAND through the window.

ANGLE - FORWARD COMPARTMENT - FAVORING ACCESS WINDOW

as Roger's gruesome, THREE-FINGERED HAND snakes through. The problem is that the window isn't large enough for his elbow.

ANGLE - MORTIS

Sweating like a slop hog. He tries to work his arm in farther but that's all, folks, no dice. Unless--

Roger pushes harder and the flesh of his arm begins to SCRAPE OFF against the window frame. He groans and PUSHES EVEN HARDER, sweat dripping from his forehead...

ANGLE - MORTIS

Drawing a deep, shuddering breath. He's really starting to look like hell, but he's not going to stop now.

ANGLE - FORWARD COMPARTMENT

as the arm gropes around, feeling its way down between the seats toward the AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION. Roger's three-fingered hand closes on the transmission lever and slides it from PARK into NEUTRAL.

ANGLE - MORTIS

He's getting it, he's getting it--

CLOSEUP - EMERGENCY BRAKE

as the hand painfully works the little button and RELEASES THE BRAKE.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The scene we've been waiting for: the ambulance van begins COASTING, ever so gently, DOWNHILL. It rolls right out of the frame...

ANGLE - STREET

... and picks up speed, drifting sideways, veering into traffic. Someone HONKS as the van cuts him off. And now we're moving, really moving, the ambulance is a DRIVERLESS JUGGERNAUT scattering cars in its path.

A luckless Volvo VEERS UP ONTO THE SIDEWALK and smashes through FIVE PARKING METERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - INTERSECTION

The van BOUNCES off the cross street, high into the air, and when it hits pavement the undercarriage THROWS OFF SPARKS.

ANGLE - STREET

Then it SIDESWIPES a lime-green Cutlass and RICOCHETS onto the sidewalk, SCRAPING THE SIDE of a building, and then--

ANGLE - INTERSECTION

--a full-size WINNEBAGO runs the yellow and BROADSIDES THE VAN, knocking it into a panoramic DISPLAY WINDOW--

--where it EXPLODES, spraying GOUTS OF FLAME clear across the street with an AWESOME, BOOMING ROAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

as an ambulance, a real one this time, comes roaring up with its siren BLARING and its FLASHER going round and round.

WIDE ANGLE - ACCIDENT SCENE

Firemen DOUSE the van with chemical flame retardants. The air is heavy with THICK BLACK SMOKE. Cops run around, cordoning off the street with cones and flares.

The ambulance brakes and two ATTENDANTS get out. Their names are JONAS and WHITFIELD. Jonas is the older one, Whitfield's new at this.

WHITFIELD
Christ, what happened here?

JONAS
Looks like someone used this store for a parking place.

A fireman BREAKS OPEN the van's rear door, with a hot belch of CHARCOAL SMOKE. He reaches in and WRESTLES SOMETHING out onto the pavement. We can't see it clearly.

ANGLE - EVERYONE

Jonas bends to stuff the victim into a BODY BAG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIREMAN
Hate to rush you guys out here, just for a D.O.A.

JONAS
That's okay, lets me brush up on my driving skills.
(to Whitfield)
Ready to go, Frank?

Whitfield nods, and they bend to hoist the body bag--but that's as far as they get. Because just then, the bag UNZIPS ITSELF from the inside and its occupant LETS HIMSELF OUT.

And he's UGLY.

CLOSEUP - ZOMBIE HAND

Burnt and battered so badly that some of the flesh is gone, showing sneak-preview glimpses of the UNDERLYING SKULLBONE. But if you look real close--not that anyone would want to--you can just recognize this decrepit horror as our old friend, ROGER MORTIS.

Especially when he TALKS, with a voice both gravelly and unmistakable:

MORTIS
Give me your keys.

ANGLE - EVERYONE

Jonas SCREAMS and crumples to the pavement. Whitfield backs up a step, swallowing hard.

WHITFIELD
Easy, mister... you're not well...

Mortis stands up, and his clothes are SHREDDED and his body's WORSE--but this is not someone you'd ever want to argue with. Whitfield gives him the keys.

Then a PATROLMAN pulls his gun and levels it at Mortis, and the gun may TREMBLE a tad but this boy's definitely ready to use it.

PATROLMAN
That's far enough, uh... sir.

Mortis--if you can still call him that--reaches into a blackened COAT POCKET with a three-fingered hand and pulls out a somewhat charred INSPECTOR'S BADGE. He flashes it at the PATROLMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
Roger Mortis, City Police.

PATROLMAN
(goggling)
You're a cop?

MORTIS
Surprise.

PATROLMAN
Uh... you'd better sit down, sir...

MORTIS
I need your gun.

PATROLMAN
What.

Mortis doesn't repeat it; he walks up to the dumbfounded cop and TAKES THE GUN right out of his fingers.

MORTIS
Thank you.

He gets into the ambulance, starts it up and DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUDERMILK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A large hillside mansion, situated behind iron gates.

INT. MONITOR STATION

where a BORED GUARD sits at a big command console, facing a bank of gray-white VIDEO SCREENS. Each of the screens shows a different area; outside and inside the house. On one of the monitors, we GLIMPSE LOUDERMILK, addressing a group of old men in a small auditorium.

Suddenly GUARD NUMBER TWO comes in, with two steaming styrofoam cups.

GUARD ONE
Thanks.

GUARD TWO
How many of those rich bozos you suppose he's got in there tonight?

INT. AUDITORIUM

An old, but very vital LOUDERMILK stands at a podium, addressing a group of very old, visibly WEALTHY MEN. MacNab is visible off to the side.

LOUDERMILK
I stand before you, living proof of what I offer. Two weeks ago, I was pronounced dead!
(motions to MacNab)
Our city coroner is here to attest to that fact.

He pauses for a moment, looking at them all. He addresses a shriveled man wearing an old suit.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MONITOR

Loudermilk can be seen talking to the old man.

LOUDERMILK
Albert - did you become the world's largest jet manufacturer so you could die and leave your fortune to your idiot children?

INT. AUDITORIUM

Loudermilk addresses another old man.

LOUDERMILK
Harry Latham - you turned a tiny oil company into one of the world's biggest multinationals. Are you ready to turn it over to a bunch of lawyers?

BACK TO SCENE

LOUDERMILK
I propose to you all an infinitely more suitable alternative.

He takes a sip of water.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The GUARDS sip coffee, and shoot the shit, their backs to the video screens. Which is too bad, because a RED WARNING LIGHT comes on unnoticed--

CONTINUED:

But the CAMERA MOVES IN to show us just exactly what's happening at the front of the house, as they sip coffee and shoot the shit.

ON THE SCREEN

Roger's commandeered AMBULANCE races toward a GUARD firing at him. The GUARD SCREAMS when he spots Roger driving - looking like the GRIM REAPER himself. Roger drowns out the Guard's screams, as he PLOWS RIGHT OVER HIM, and CRASHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. AUDITORIUM

LOUDERMILK
The price for this privilege, for which each of you has been specifically chosen, is half your total fortune, to be left in trust to "The Institute For Life." Half is payable up front, half is due upon ... resurrection.

Another OLD MAN stands up and SHOUTS.

OLD MAN
This is ridiculous!

He begins to leave as the CROWD STIRS.

LOUDERMILK
(shouts)
Sit!

The crowd is SILENCED by the intensity in Loudermilk's voice.

LOUDERMILK
Of course it sounds absurd - impossible! But aside from the proof of my own existence, I have prepared for you a very graphic demonstration.

He presses a button on the podium, and the FLOOR before the MEN RISES, to reveal Thule standing by a RESURRECTION MACHINE. A large figure rests under a mylar sheet on the resurrection bed.

Above him, EEG and EKG machines read his nonexistent vital functions.

CONTINUED:

LOUDERMILK
This man has been dead for six hours. Don't take my word for it. Inspect him yourself.

He motions for the men to come up, and check out the body. They begin to do so, assembly-line fashion.

EXT. LOUDERMILK MANSION

Mortis approaches the entrance at BREAKNECK SPEED in his hijacked ambulance, and SMASHES through the gates.

BACK TO SCENE - CONTROL ROOM

The door FLIES OPEN and Roger steps inside.

GUARD TWO
Holy shit!

He grabs his gun and FIRES TWICE into Roger's chest, but Roger could care less.

MORTIS
You can go now. Your services are no longer required.

GUARD TWO
Fuck you--

He FIRES AGAIN, stupidly, and Roger WINGS HIM in the shoulder. Guard Two staggers backward and SITS DOWN HARD.

MORTIS
(to Guard One)
How about you?

GUARD ONE
No thanks.

Roger steps past him out the door and into a HALLWAY.

TRACKING SHOT - MORTIS

Walking through an enormous foyer, and down a long hall in the mansion, Road Warrior-fashion as SIRENS and YELLS echo around him. TWO THUGS step from opposing doorways and STRAFE him with submachine-gun fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - MORTIS

as SHELLBURSTS trace a double-line across his chest. It looks awful but Roger doesn't give a damn.

He BLASTS the thugs and they go down. Roger bends over and RETRIEVES THEIR UZI's, but it's hard to hold one in his THREE-FINGERED HAND. Finally he shoves the extra one under his belt.

TRACKING - MORTIS

Not even slowing down as a GUARD springs from a doorway to bury a COMBAT KNIFE in Roger's midsection. Roger pulls the knife out, cuts the guard's throat with it, keeps moving.

The guard THRASHES and CLAWS at his neck, going OUT OF FOCUS as the camera stays on Roger.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Where Loudermilk is once again addressing the audience, now back in their seats.

LOUDERMILK
Now that you are all satisfied with this unfortunate man's condition, I'd like to treat you to a product demonstration unlike anything you've ever seen or imagined.

He turns.

LOUDERMILK
Dr. Macnab ... if you will.

Macnab enters information into a computer as the resurrection screens jump to life.

LOUDERMILK
Hold onto your seats, gentleman. The lifeforce is quite a formidable power.

The room GOES DARK, as the RESURRECTION SEQUENCE commences.

ANGLE - BIG THUG

Completely filling the CORRIDOR. He's got a COLT PYTHON in one hand and an INGRAM SUBMACHINE GUN in the other, both trained on Roger.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - BOTH

Roger FIRES FIRST, tearing a bloody crater in Big Thug's chest. But it doesn't faze him much.

MORTIS
Oh crap, another zombie.

Then the zombie OPENS FIRE and Mortis does too and for a FULL THIRTY SECONDS they just stand there, blowing the LIVING SHIT out of each other, until Big Thug's guns are empty and Roger's are, too.

Big Thug GROWLS and comes forward and SMACKS ROGER in the head, sending him sprawling backwards. Roger gets up just as Big Thug lands a HAYMAKER that knocks him through a doorway and into--

INT. MUSIC ROOM

Very plush and refined. An enormous Steinway Grand dwarfs a collection of antique harpsicords. Big Thug charges after Mortis, who has the upper hand when it comes to agility. He leads Big Thug over to the piano, and tackles him, so that he falls into the strings. He quicky pulls the prop stick, slamming the lid on the Zombie's head.

--and while he's struggling to get free, Roger pulls the SPARE UZI from his belt and puts it in Big Thug's mouth, lifts the piano lid and BLOWS THE TOP OF HIS HEAD OFF.

MORTIS
Asshole.

He steps back out into the hall.

INT. AUDITORIUM

The SOUND and FURY of RESURRECTION is at full pitch. The men shield their eyes and SCREAM IN TERROR as the body floats off the resurrection bed, bathed in WHITE LIGHT, his wispy negative image attached above by a silver cord.

INT. - ANOTHER HALLWAY

Mortis runs towards the epicenter - a pair of gigantic double doors, where the incredibly bright white light is SEEPING out.

He rushes the doors, and BLASTS through them with the Uzi.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Roger is overcome by the force of the resurrection process, until the sequence ends, and the resurrected corpse drops down to the table.

LOUDERMILK
(to Thule)
Get him!

Thule instantly opens fire on Roger, but Roger renders him an instant John Doe in a few rounds with his Uzi.

The MEN can't get out fast enough - they are stepping all over each other in an absolute STAMPEDE. The frailer ones are literally crushed under the heels of the younger, healthier men. A couple of them go into CARDIAC ARREST.

Roger takes a step forward.

LOUDERMILK
What do you want?!

MORTIS
Not you, old man. I want him.

Motions to MacNab.

MORTIS
You're dead, MacNab. You're even deader than I am.

MACNAB
I don't think so--

ANGLE - CORPSE'S EYES

They POP OPEN.

ANGLE - MACNAB

He pushes a button on the resurrection bed, and the resurrected corpse stands. It's <u>BIGELOW</u> looking dull-witted and cyanotic but just as alive as Roger.

ANGLE - EVERYONE

For a moment, Roger just stands there in shock. Then he approaches Bigelow, uncertain what to say or do.

MORTIS
Doug... you're alive...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACNAB
He can't understand you, Roger.
He's been brain dead too long.
Which means he's now mindless...
and totally obedient.

MacNab turns to Bigelow.

MACNAB
Kill this guy, would you?

BIGELOW
Kill... this guy... would you.

Bigelow starts toward Roger, arms outstretched, fingers twitching in maggot-like frenzy...

MacNab races over to a small closet, punches a sequence into a keypad, and opens the door to reveal a virtual arsenal of exotic guns. He grabs an Uzi.

MORTIS
Doug! Doug, stop! It's me, Roger
...

BIGELOW
Kill... this guy... would you.

ANGLE - BOTH

Slowly, inexorably, Bigelow backs Mortis into a corner.

MORTIS
Doug, don't...

BIGELOW
Kill... this... guy...

MORTIS
Jesus, Doug!

BIGELOW
... would... you...

Bigelow grabs Mortis' throat with his BLOATED, BLUE-TINGED HANDS--

--but instead of fighting him, Roger yells:

MORTIS
Hey, Doug, you realize we've got
the same death day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bigelow TIGHTENS HIS GRIP but Mortis ignores the clenching hands, gasping out what may be his final words:

MORTIS
You know what we could do? We could have a death day party, invite all our friends, get ripped ...

Bigelow looks from Roger to MacNab and back again, like a bloodhound following conflicting smells.

MORTIS
Shame we couldn't have paid those parking tickets first, huh, Doug?

Now Bigelow's <u>really</u> puzzled, he's like a kid doing his first long division problem, and Mortis presses the advantage:

MORTIS
How many tickets is that this month? So far, I mean.

BIGELOW
Uh...

Loudermilk watches, horrified. MacNab is as hysterical as we've ever seen him.

LOUDERMILK
(to MacNab)
Do something!

MACNAB
Kill him, you brain-dead son of a bitch!

ANGLE - EVERYONE

Bigelow releases Roger and blinks at him in surprise.

BIGELOW
Roger? <u>Roger</u>?

MORTIS
Hi, Doug. Welcome to Zombie-Land.

BIGELOW
Roger... he said I should--

Bigelow turns to face MacNab, and something UGLY crosses his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BIGELOW
He said I should hurt you. But I'm gonna hurt him.

ANGLE - MACNAB

MACNAB
No!

MacNab BLASTS HIM with the Uzi--

ANGLE - BIGELOW

--but Bigelow keeps right on coming, and he's not HAPPY about the slugs peppering his chest, he's downright annoyed.

ANGLE - MACNAB

Throws his gun aside, picks out a fresh one, FIRING --

ANGLE - BIGELOW

-- until three shots hit Bigelow's NECK, blowing him clear off his feet. He CRASHES DOWN into the corner and stays there.

ANGLE - MACNAB

Bringing the gun to bear on Roger.

MACNAB
(breathlessly)
One down, one to go. Bye-bye, Roger.

And he OPENS UP ON MORTIS, firing on full automatic, filling the room with a HURRICANE of SHELLS.

ANGLE - MORTIS

But Mortis keeps coming. The shells TEAR into him, but still he keeps coming.

LOUDERMILK
Kill him!

ANGLE - MACNAB

Shrieking with rage, although we can't hear it over the ROAR OF GUNFIRE.

ANGLE - MORTIS

Still coming!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ANGLE - MACNAB

Panicking as the Uzi's ammo runs out. He CASTS IT ASIDE and pulls a .44 AUTOMAG from the pile of weapons and fires AGAIN and AGAIN--

ANGLE - LOUDERMILK

Gets caught in the crossfire, but being a zombie, can certainly handle it.

ANGLE - MORTIS

So close now that the Automag's bullets are firing RIGHT THROUGH HIM, creating holes that we can actually SEE LIGHT STREAMING THROUGH, but still he won't stop--

ANGLE - MACNAB

-- and now the Automag's EMPTY, and MacNab realizes with a terrible certainty that nothing can stop Roger, nothing.

MACNAB
Bastard, you can't have me.

He grabs a .22 Sterling Automatic, puts the muzzle to his head and FIRES.

ANGLE - BOTH

Mortis finally STOPS as MacNab's lifeless body hits the floor. In the distance we hear SIRENS.

MORTIS
You cheated me. Damn it, you cheated me.

Mortis just STANDS THERE, staring.

MORTIS
I won't have it, MacNab.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - MACNAB'S LEGS

Being dragged across the floor.

CLOSEUP - MACNAB'S ARM

Being positioned on the resurrection bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLOSEUP - MACNAB'S LEGS

Likewise. Then--

ANGLE - RESURRECTION BED

where MacNab is all set to go. Roger enters some final coordinates and BEGINS RESURRECTION SEQUENCE.

The LIFEFORCE HOWLS through the room once again.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MACNAB'S EYES

Opening with the sheerest horror ever seen in movies. He SCREAMS--

UP-ANGLE - MORTIS

-- at the sight of Roger pointing a .44 Automag RIGHT INTO THE CAMERA.

MORTIS
Once more, asshole.

He FIRES round after round down MacNab's throat.

NEW ANGLE - MORTIS

His job finished, he shuffles toward the door. But he pauses by Bigelow's body for a moment of reverent silence--

--and Bigelow SITS UP and LOOKS AT HIM.

BIGELOW
You're not gonna leave without me, are you?

MORTIS
(double-takes)
I thought... you were dead.

BIGELOW
I am. You asshole.

Loudermilk crawls to the machine. We can see places on his face where cosmetic makeup has been wiped away, revealing greenish, mottled skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUDERMILK
Help me! Please, help me! I'll give you anything you want - millions! Just get me on the machine!

Mortis motions to Loudermilk.

BIGELOW
What do we do about the other asshole?

MORTIS
Let the sonofabitch die.

BIGELOW
Yeah, but as long as there's that machine ... he might never kick off for good.

MORTIS
Good point.

He motions to a couple of Uzi's, laying on the floor.

MORTIS
These ought to do the trick.

They both pick up the guns, and train them on the machine. Loudermilk goes into an absolute PANIC.

LOUDERMILK
No! Stop! You don't understand - you'll live forever! I can make you live forever!!

Mortis and Bigelow look at each other, and shake their heads. It is obvious that living forever in their condition would be a very bad joke.

They both turn back to the machine, Uzi's in hand, and blow it to pieces over Loudermilk's final SCREAM.

LOUDERMILK
Noooooo!

CAMERA PULLS UP and BACK as the two of them turn around walk away from us, sort of a darkly comic Casablanca finale:

BIGELOW
Jesus, Roger, you're a mess!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MORTIS
You're not exactly a Forest Lawn poster child yourself, Doug.

As they continue walking, Loudermilk fades into the distance, and the ENTIRE BACKGROUND begins to WHITE OUT. Mortis and Bigelow continue to walk away from us, into the WHITENESS.

BIGELOW
Hey, Roger, tell you what. We got time, let's go grab us some fries and a bacon burger, what do you say?

MORTIS
I say that kind of food is crap. Look at me, Doug. You don't develop this kind of body by eating junk food.

BIGELOW
No shit.

Bigelow pauses for a moment.

MORTIS
Hey, why don't we just ... enjoy each other's company.

Bigelow gives us what's left of his smile. Mortis slaps his arm over his shoulder, as they continue walking into the distance.

By now their figures are receding into the WHITENESS, but there's still time to catch Mortis' closing comment:

MORTIS
You know, Doug ... I think this could be the end of a beautiful friendship.

FADE OUT.